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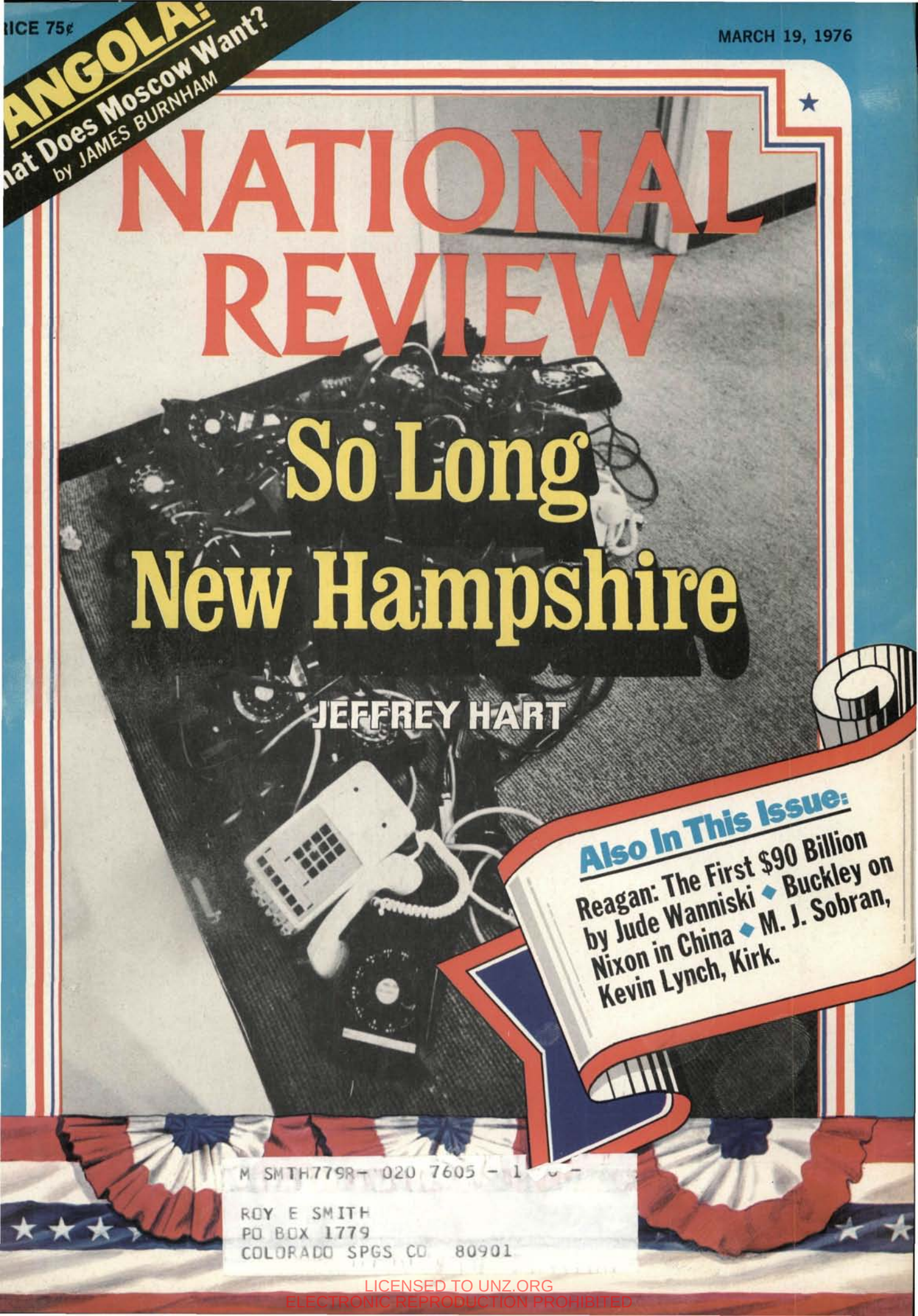
ANGOLA:
hat Does Moscow Want?
by JAMES BURNHAM

NATIONAL REVIEW



So Long New Hampshire

JEFFREY HART

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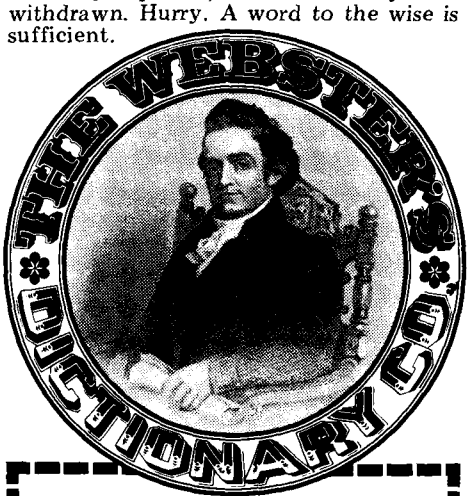

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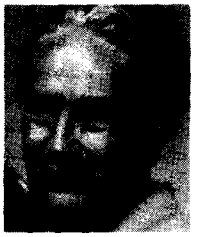

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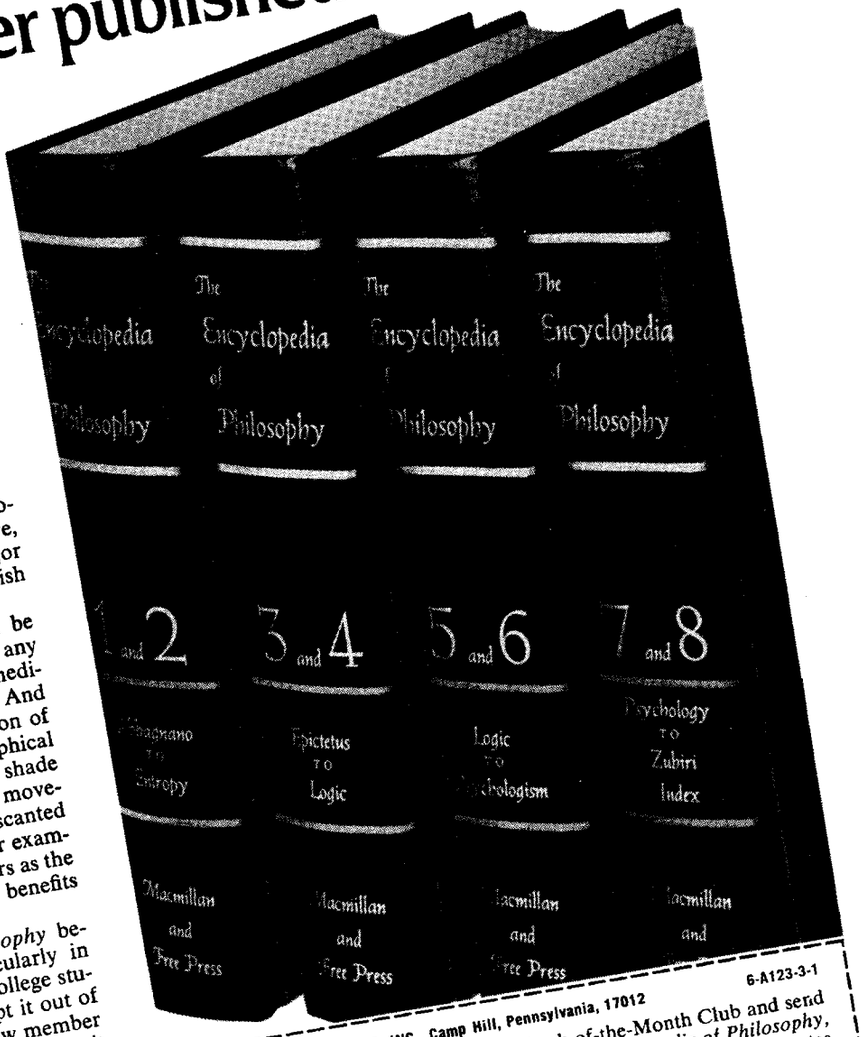

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Letters

The Money Tree

The article on capital formation by Treasury Secretary William E. Simon ["Watering the Money Tree," March 5] is more timely than he or you could have guessed. For it was published simultaneously with the winter issue of *The Public Interest*, which has a piece by Peter Drucker on "Pension Fund Socialism" that complements Simon's piece.

Drucker's concern is with pension funds, Simon's more specifically with capital. But Drucker points out that America's capital market is dominated by no more than 1,000 to 1,500 large corporate pension funds—which, in turn, delegate decision-making to people known as "asset managers." There are only a few hundred of them; which is not to say there are too few, but it puts a different cast on the capital formation problem.

The whole business is fascinating, complex, and unbelievably important for the country. Yet one could easily believe that, with the exception of a few people like Simon, there is no one in Washington who understands the importance of the issue. Everyone is too busy grasping at higher wages or higher transfer payments with which to buy votes. We all enjoy the shade and the fruit of the money tree. But who will water it?

New York, N.Y. SAMUEL WATSON

Categorizing Pomposity

NR's arbitrary investiture of John Gardner as "the most pompous man in America" ["The Week," Feb. 6] does vast disservice to scores of other men, women, and demigods equally entitled to distinction in that area.

That John Gardner is *one* of the most pompous men in America is beyond dispute. But there are categories of pomposity, as there are in any field of endeavor. Gardner is now the class of his particular division (gadflyweight), having recently replaced Nicholas Johnson (who still gets honorable mention). But what about Howard Cosell, most pompous TV commentator (lightweight division) and Eric Sevareid (heavyweight division); and Charles (Mac) Mathias, newly crowned champion of the Senate, where the competition for honors is unbelievable; and Marlon Brando in the cinematic arts; and Gore Vidal (best of breed) . . .?

My point is plain. *NR*, of all magazines, should not adopt the high-handed method of Common Cause in judging questions involving socio-political kibitzing. Deflate your superlatives, or, better still, poll your readers on the subject.

By the way, what ever happened to Arthur Schlesinger Jr.?

Washington, D.C. VIC GOLD

A Real Puzzler

I'm not great at doing the Trans-O-Gram, but I know the problem with the February 20 installment wasn't just me: none of the letters and numbers in the clues matched the ones in the diagram down below! I tried working it anyway, in case there were just typos in the diagram; but that didn't work either, and when I saw the solution in the next issue, it was to an entirely different puzzle. What gives?

Detroit, Mich. THEODORE GRANOWSKY

We're terribly sorry about that Trans-O-Gram. The diagram was the correct one in all cases, but several thousand copies went out with the wrong clues before the error was discovered and corrected. For those who received the wrong puzzle (the one beginning: "A weapon that an angry suitor might use"), deepest apologies.—LB

Follow the Leaders

William F. Rickenbacker's column "And the Home of the Brave" [Feb. 6] was somewhat encouraging.

As one who agrees with the Domino Theory, I had previously thought that aggression would not cease until we had "detented" away everything short of the District of Columbia, but I now have new hope.

But we must still come to terms with the desire to isolate ourselves on the basis of the Vietnam tragedy. Can we afford to wait until our Republic is threatened directly, until the entire world is hostile to our ideology?

(Continues on page 242)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1976.

Book Editor: Chilton Williamson Jr.; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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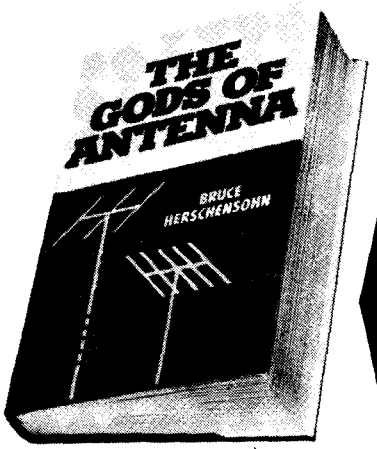

No matter how you feel about Nixon and Watergate, don't you think the media behaved outrageously? So does Nixon media expert Bruce Herschensohn.

For the first time in American history a President was hounded out of office before his term was up, and America lost its longest and costliest war. Why?

A powerful new institution – not in our Constitution, nor subject to the vote of the people—caused these shattering developments, says author Bruce Herschensohn. The "gods of antenna" control this quasi-government. It is centered in the three major television networks and supported by a radicalized film establishment and a gaggle of left-leaning newspapers and magazines.

As deputy special assistant to President Nixon and a specialist in motion pictures and television, Bruce Herschensohn was not involved in Watergate but had a front-row seat on the media blitz. His professional training helped him catch what untutored eyes missed: the *methods* used by the media manipulators to distort reality.

"No recriminations!" cried the commentators as Saigon fell and thousands of Cambodians had already begun their death marches. Only a few months before, these same commentators were indulging in their own orgy of self-congratulation over the fall of Nixon.

Mr. Herschensohn shows how the debacle of Southeast Asia and the abdication of Nixon were linked—by a pervasive bias which threatens America's future as a free country.

The author reveals how CBS was used by Hanoi as a propaganda outlet; how young Americans get a distorted picture of our country from New Wave films; and why every institution designed to protect our security is now fair game for the media.

If today's media had been around during World War II, asserts the author, we might well have lost.

The Founding Fathers could not foresee the day when a multichrome moving image would become more powerful than our elected leaders. That day has come. It is now time for a new American Revolution to overthrow this nonelected tyranny. Bruce Herschensohn, media expert, shows us how it can be done.

A Few of the Devices Used Against Nixon and Our Allies in Southeast Asia

- Use of the hold-frame against Nixon appointees
- Comedy-style reporting: how commentators downgrade politicians they hate
- Tragedy-style reporting: how TV over-dramatizes *certain* events
- Role of respectful and disrespectful treatment toward the President; toward draft dodgers
- Pretense balancing. How ten liberals and one conservative equals *balance* in the wonderful world of TV
- Tricks to make crowds supporting the President look small
- Repetition: key to media treatment of Watergate
- Examples of pro-Nixon stories killed by the networks
- Analyzed: the onesided coverage of Vietnam and Cambodia
- Story association and grouping: how this technique made *everything* Nixon did seem tainted
- Vietnam and Nixon: how the rules were changed in each case
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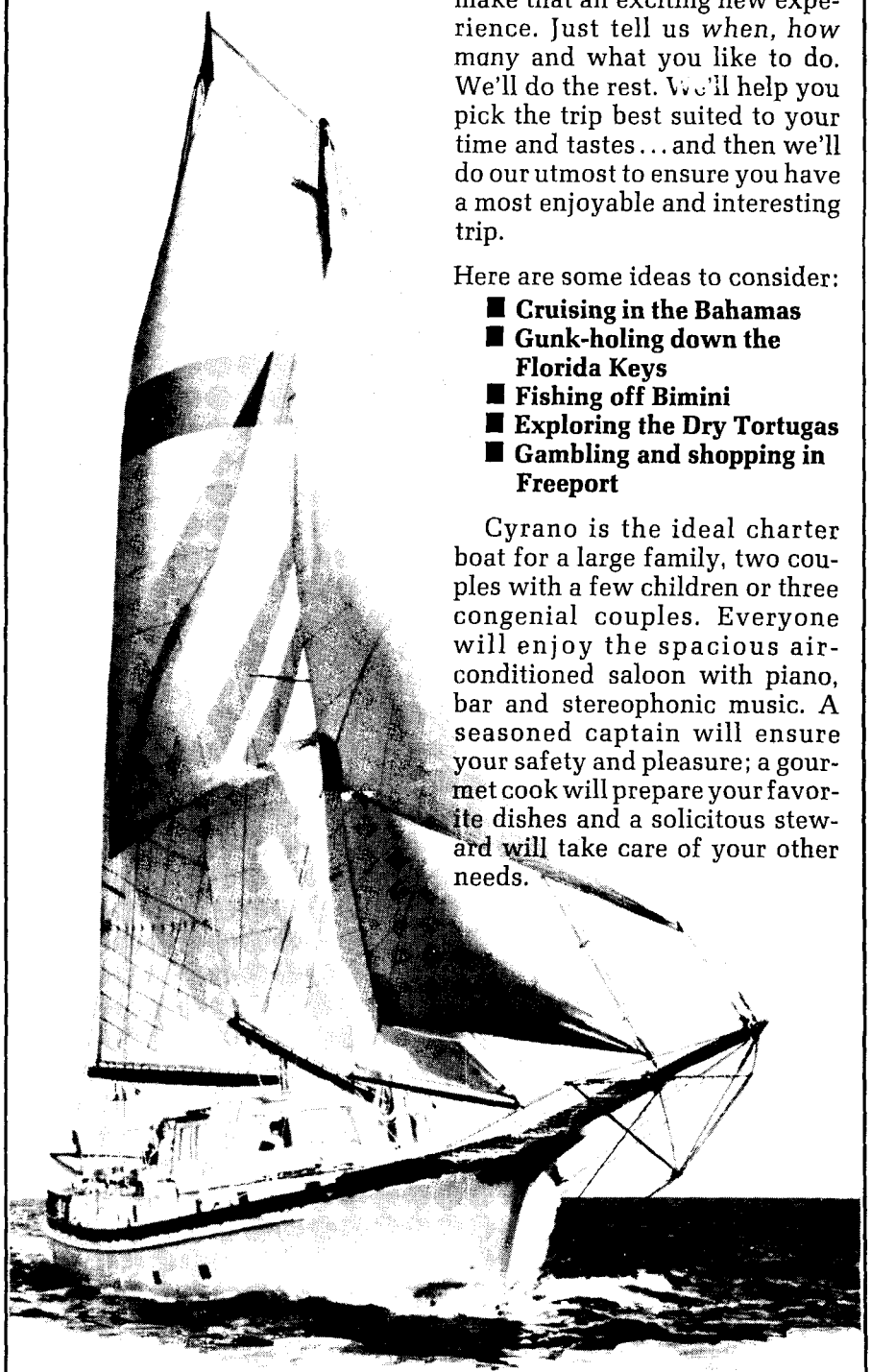

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 240)

For our own safety, we must arise now to secure true self-determination for the peoples of this earth; but where *are* our leaders?

Wallington, N.J. ALLAN G. LATAWIEC

Nothing could be more erroneous than Wm. F. Rickenbacker's assertion that "Russian troops dropped their arms and fled to Hitler as long as the warfare stopped short of eating up Russian soil" in World War II.

There were many reasons for the initial defeat of the Soviet forces, the most crucial being: 1) the liquidation of Marshal Tukhachevsky along with practically all experienced members of the officer corp; 2) Stalin's obstinate refusal to believe, despite all the warnings, that the Germans would risk a two-front war; 3) Stalin's disregard of Marshal Shaposhnikov, the best available (pre-revolutionary) military expert, when he predicted that the opening German offensive would be directed to the north of the Pripet River; 4) the concentration of main forces too close to the frontier, where they could be easily encircled by German mechanized columns.

Mr. Rickenbacker's implication that Russians wouldn't fight outside their own country is a very dangerous illusion, as is his illogical assertion that those who flee to opposing forces drop their arms. They usually take them along.

BORYS KORCYN-ZUKOWSKI

Forest Hills, N.Y.

After Busing, What?

As a private-school parent, my only reservation concerning a constitutional amendment to stop forced busing ["For the Record," Dec. 19] is that it should give all parents the right to send their children to the school of their choice rather than just stop the busing from one public-school district to another.

It is hypocritical of politicians, judges, or bureaucrats on either side of the busing issue to speak of "equal opportunity" while only richer parents can send their children to private schools, or to speak of "quality education" while parents are being economically penalized for sending their children to better schools.

President Ford is now deciding which anti-busing amendment he will support. But I know from personal inquiries that neither the Catholic Church nor the National Association of Independent Schools is presently lobbying for a voucher system. These are the only two nationwide organizations that private-school parents have.

So just when there is an opportunity for the voucher system to be approved, there is no one representing the best interests of the private schools and their

(Continues on page 246)

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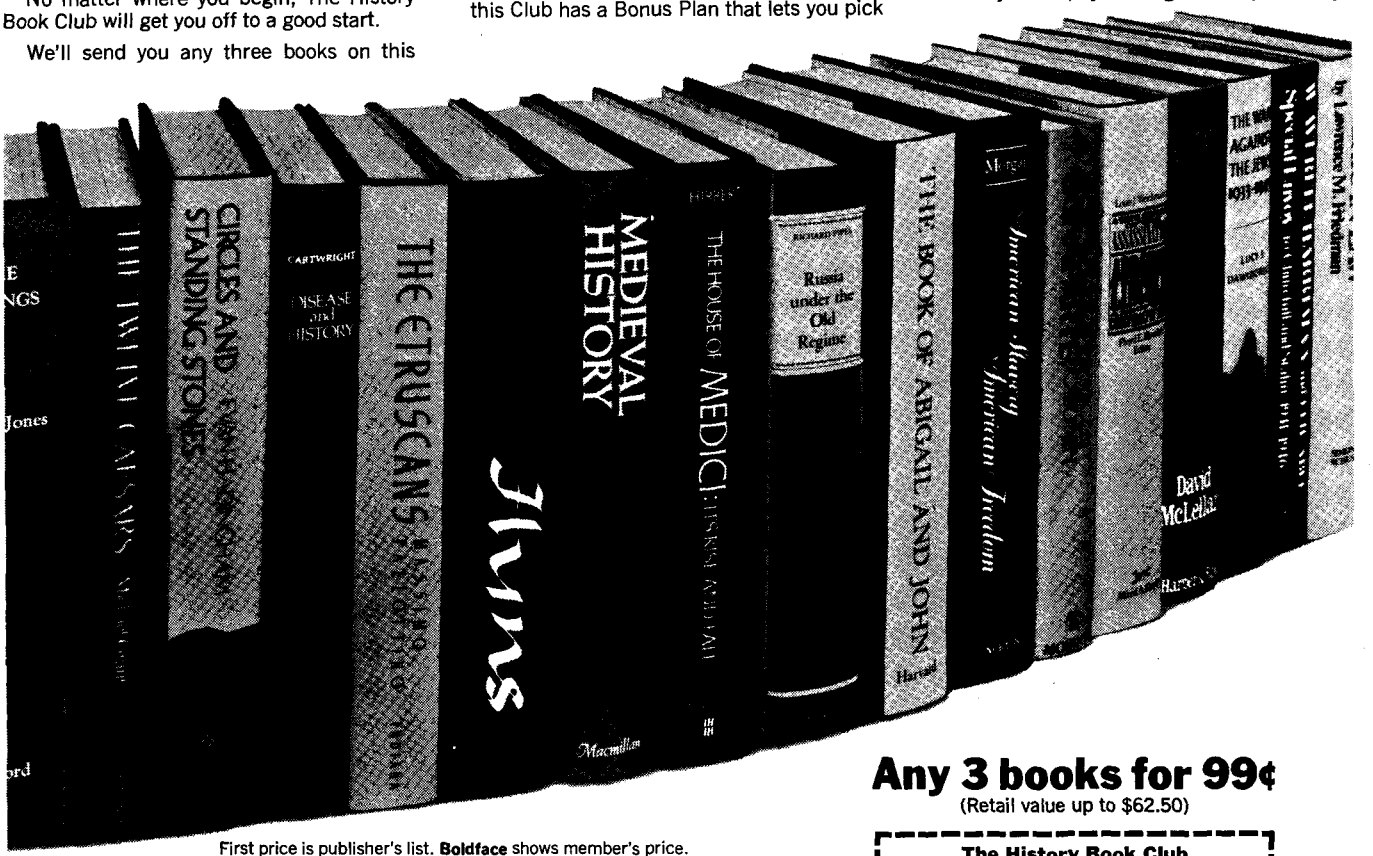

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The phalanx of Democratic candidates went into Massachusetts—once the most liberal of them all, the only state to vote for **George McGovern**—with the situation positively topsy-turvy. Busing and abortion were big issues, likely to help the rightmost Democrat, **George Wallace**. . . . **Henry Jackson** had made his peace with **George Meany** at Bal Harbour—Jackson is talking these days about the repeal of the right to work provision of the **Taft-Hartley Act**, bolstering his labor support (but also, it is reported, hurting him in right to work states like North Carolina). Jackson—like Wallace, to the right of the pack—was also expected to do well in view of recent poll in Massachusetts which showed most voters there anti-detente these days. Sample: Who has gotten most out of detente? The **Russians**, 70 per cent, the **U.S.**, 5 per cent. Have we been "too easy" on the Soviet Union? Yes, 70 per cent. "Too tough"? Yes, 2 per cent. Jackson is the only hawk in the race. . . . *Boston Globe* meanwhile reports that voters have been flocking to register in Boston and its suburbs, but that nearly 90 per cent of them are registering as **independents**: meaning they can vote in either primary. . . . The rumor of the day in Massachusetts, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, is that **Teddy** might agree to sign on as vice presidential candidate should **Hubert Humphrey**, who got 6 per cent of the New Hampshire vote as a write-in candidate, get the nod in New York.

■ How other races, of special interest to conservatives, are shaping up. For the Senate: Admiral **Elmo Zumwalt** has made it official, he will oppose independent Sen. **Harry Byrd** in Virginia. Zumwalt's major thrust is an attack on detente and on **Henry Kissinger** ("a modern day Neville Chamberlain"). He's for bolstering up defense industries, is reported to have received $20,000 in contributions from the AFL-CIO. . . . **Lowell Weicker**, **Sam Ervin**'s sidekick in the Watergate hearings, will be opposed by Democrat **Gloria Schaffer**, Connecticut Secretary of State. . . . Prospects that **Patrick Moynihan** would oppose **James Buckley** in New York somewhat dimmed after opposition to his candidacy by the New York State Council of Black Elected Officials. . . . Attempt by *New York Post* publisher **Dorothy Schiff** to get **Jackie Onassis** to run against Buckley fell just as flat as her attempt six years ago—it is now revealed—to get **Ethel Kennedy**, **Robert Kennedy**'s widow, to run against **Charles Goodell**. . . . In Michigan, former Rep. **Robert Huber**, founder of the Michigan Conservative Party, has announced for the Senate seat of **Philip Hart**, who is retiring. . . . **Harrison Schmitt**, the Apollo 17 astronaut, is seeking the Republican nomination in New Mexico to run against Sen. **Joseph Montoya**—an uphill race. . . . And in Pennsylvania, where **Hugh Scott** is retiring, the recent Supreme Court decision permitting candidates to use more of their own money is expected to help wealthy liberal Republican Congressman **John Heinz** get the GOP bid. (Many Pennsylvania Republican conservatives admit they'd rather see conservative Democrat **Pete Flaherty**, mayor of Pittsburgh, win that race. . . . In the House, **Abraham Kalish**, a founder of Accuracy in Media, wants the GOP nomination for the Maryland seat of retiring Rep. **Gilbert Gude**.

Maroc, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"For a child of his age, he has a remarkable grasp of world affairs."

■ A London *Times* report, dateline Havana, quotes Cuban officials as saying that **Cuba** will do "whatever must be done to support the **Namibians**," indicating that the troops now in place in Angola might be used in a drive on South African-ruled South West Africa. . . . The foreign ministers of the nine **Common Market** countries condemned **Castro** last week for Cuba's intervention in Angola—shortly after most of their governments recognized the Cuban-backed People's Republic of Angola. . . . A Stockholm paper, *Expressen*, says Swedish Premier **Olof Palme** has asked Fidel Castro to postpone his visit to Sweden until after the elections next September, but Palme did not bring home his Trade Minister **Karl Lidbom**, now in Havana as head of a large Swedish trade delegation that will offer Cuba technical assistance for building up its industry. . . . The entire back page of the official Havana *Granma* has carried nothing but news of the **Angola war** in recent weeks, reports the *Washington Post*, but none of the stories has made mention of any Cuban troops in the fighting.

■ April Fool Note: President **James Boren** of the International Association of Professional Bureaucrats says every bureaucrat should say thank you by taking one taxpayer to lunch—in April.

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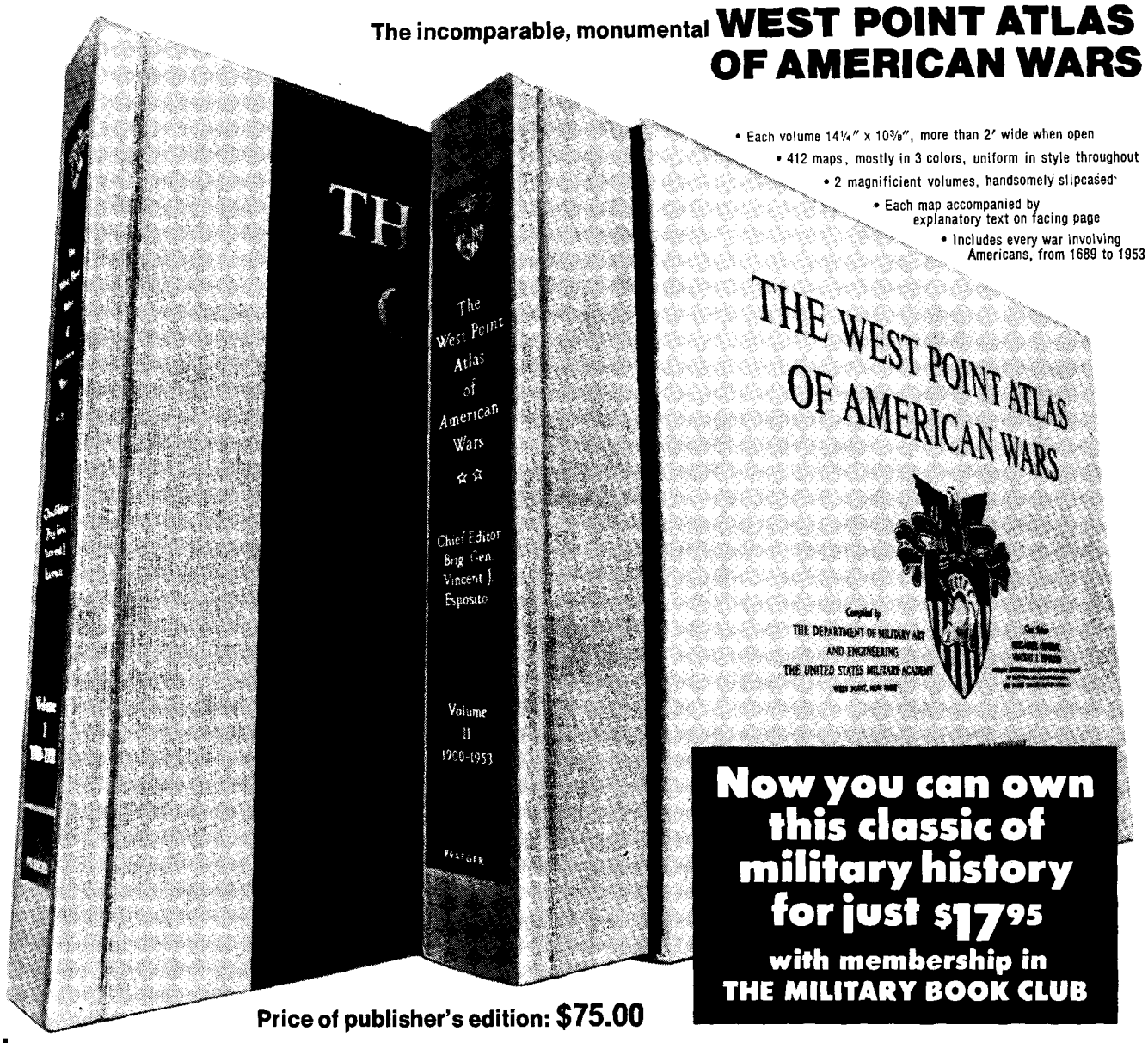
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 242)

constituents, let alone the causes of "equal opportunity" and "quality education" for the society at large.

Wellesley, Mass. HENRY DAVISSON

Martin: Aye and Nay

"The Holy Family" by Malachi Martin [Jan. 23] is positively the finest and most moving piece I have read in many years. Mr. Martin states in one page of a remarkable magazine the message that others have taken reams of copy trying to express.

I am certain that this column will be an inspiration to hundreds of families who are searching for real meaning in these most unfortunate times.

Atlanta, Ga. JIM EWING

Having just read Malachi Martin's sensitive treatment of the Holy Family, it is impossible to think he is all bad. But he *is* pretty bad—I have been meaning to write about the closing comment of his article "Are Christianity and Marxism Compatible?" [Dec. 19]. He says: "The Vatican should make clear that . . . the Church's service is to the spirit *only*; and that no form of authentic Christianity can promise even the possibility of material prosperity, social justice, or international peace . . ." It is impossible to plumb the depths of this heresy; it is the daddy of them all, for it goes as deep as the Incarnation it denies. And it is a special pity that *NR*'s religion editor should be afflicted by it, for conservatives more than most others need to learn that religion is not out of this world. *NR* needs to learn it too—to avoid angelism.

Don't you think *Triumph* should come back?

Warrenton, Va. L. BRENT BOZELL

Good Heavens! It should be a relief to be told that one is not all bad, even in such terms. If I believed in reincarnation (which I don't), I would take Mr. Bozell to be a reincarnation of Prester John, whose kingdom, according to quaint medieval tales, "was neither in Heaven nor on earth." As it is, excellent theological tracts on the Incarnation are available. But a reincarnation of Triumph, *after what the Maharaj Ji and the Moonies have put us through, might just make me want to be out of this world.*

—MBM

Talking in Church

This is the season for sundry congressmen, other government officials, and the media to publish anything that may be embarrassing to the CIA, the Administration, or others who are endeavoring to serve this country ["No Talking in Church," Feb. 20]. I am reminded of the long dialogue with the Russian Prince K. in *Journey for Our Time*, the Mar-

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quis de Custine's journal of his trip to Russia in 1839. In his criticism of the Russian despotism of his day, the Prince forecast the time when Russian society would perish from being fed for too long empty or contradictory words—"then the deceptive echoes of opinion, the newspapers, wishing at any price to keep their readers, will push on to destruction, be it only to have something to recount for one more month. They will kill society in order to live on its corpse."

It is now shown to be utter folly to expect the Congress to keep a secret. I agree with Mr. Colby, who advocates terminating the House committees (the Senate's too, I suppose).

A special agency should be established to find the KGB agents in this noisome mess. Who doubts they are involved in it?

Oxford, Md. ARTHUR D. WELTON

Christian Politics . . .

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn ["Dead or Dying," Feb. 6] despairs over the woeful quiescence of Christian politics in the world. He should be assured that there is indeed hope, and it comes from an unlikely source: the republic which now celebrates the 200th anniversary of its independence, the very avatar of secularism and materialism.

The Christian Political Action Movement in Gretna, Nebraska was founded almost a decade ago and has met with no mean success in that Midwestern state. In the summer of 1975, moreover, the Society for Christian Politics was organized by Christians in the New York/New Jersey area. These are just two such groups. There are several others here and in France.

Your Continental correspondent will be pleased to learn that, unlike their European cousins, these Christians do have a vision and a set of goals; namely, the promotion and adoption of the political and social principles taught in the papal encyclicals and found in the experience, however brief, of Portugal, Austria, and Ecuador, and seen in the continuing experiment in Eire. Neither group is afflicted with the nay-saying syndrome of contemporary Christian Democrats in Europe that Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn describes.

Chatham, N.J. WILLIAM C. THORBURN

Christian Schools

Russell Kirk's splendid column "One More Foul Blow" [Feb. 20] extolled Molloy College on Long Island for declining to accept "Bundy Money" in return for relinquishing its character as a Catholic institution. He should also have named St. John's University in Queens for the same loyalty to its convictions. In 1974, for example, St. John's determination to maintain its Catholic status deprived it of a Bundy subsidy of over $2 million. Its alumni are proud of the Vincentian Fathers.

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOHN F. GONOUD

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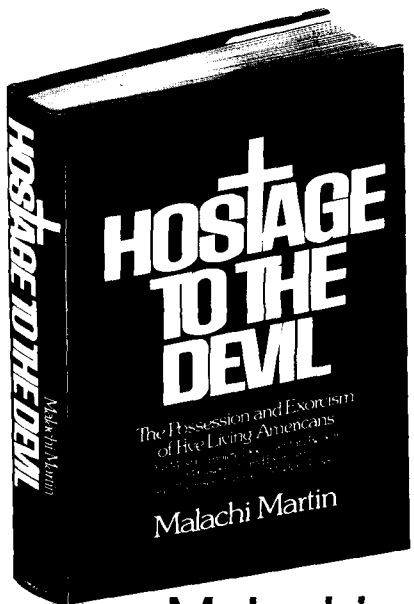

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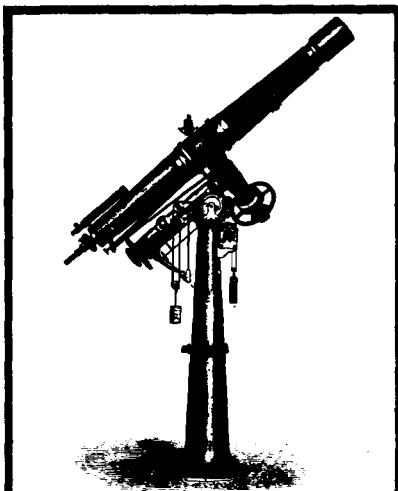

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THE WEEK

■ *William Scranton??*

■ Gerald Ford describes his differences with Ronald Reagan as pragmatic rather than philosophical. Whatever that may mean, the consequences seem to render the distinction nugatory. According to a new ACU study, "My Guys," Ford's appointments have been heavily liberal: of 16 people appointed to top echelon positions, ten have been liberals, and only three conservatives. Of the total number of appointees from August 1974 to November 1975, 73 are "moderate to liberal," while only 44 are "moderate to conservative."

■ A frequent *NR* contributor deeply involved in Texas politics believes George Wallace will come out of the May 1 Texas primary with ninety-plus delegates (out of a total of 130). He writes: Something like 34 to 36 per cent of the popular vote will do that job for Wallace. I had thought a month ago that he would win no more than forty delegates in the primary itself because I could not believe that liberal Democrats were so stupid and that their candidates were less interested in checking Wallace than in picking up, each for himself, every possible vote. I was wrong. Harris, Shriver, Carter, Bentsen, and the rest can divide up 60 per cent or even 65 per cent of the vote in places like Austin and San Antonio (liberal enclaves) and still lose every time to "Cousin George." Our friend goes on to project other major victories for Wallace in the South, and points out that under Democratic rules Wallace will be able to pick his own delegates. "They will," our correspondent writes, "be 250-pound, 6′6″ men, or else angry females, mean and ready to blow the roof off the Convention or walk out if they don't get most of what they require."

■ The worm turns. CBS reporter Daniel Schorr, who regularly sermonizes on the public's right to know, has come upon an exception to this right. He thinks it "unconscionable" of the *Washington Post* to have revealed him as the *Village Voice*'s source for the Report of the House Committee on Intelligence. That information, harumphs muckraker Schorr, was off the record and should not have been disclosed. Why did CBS suspend Schorr? That's easy. One CBS official told the *Post* that by giving the report to the *Voice*, Schorr "could reinforce the conviction some of our conservative affiliates have that while CBS news management is not politically oriented, underneath them are some reporters who wear their hearts on their left sleeves."

■ The continuing saga of Marion Javits, would-be working girl: Last month the non-Zionist Mrs. Javits, wife of Zionist Senator Jacob Javits, was ousted by popular demand from her $67,500-a-year job polishing up the image of anti-Zionist Iran. Now we learn that the energetic Mrs. Javits also offered a similar service to Mexico, which since its vote for the UN's anti-Zionist resolution has suffered a 25 per cent drop in tourism. For $275,000, Mrs. Javits and her public relations firm promised to get American Jews flocking back to Acapulco. Mexico declined the offer, and Mrs. Javits is apparently still unemployed. Maybe it's time her husband harnessed this dynamo. How about the Senate cafeteria?

■ Don't think the Democrats are the only ones with radical-chick problems: Republican feminists are pushing for greater female representation at the Convention, so as to put planks in the Republican platform endorsing the Supreme Court's abortion decision and urging ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. They intend to challenge delegate selection procedures that can arbitrarily exclude women. The Republican Women's Task Force of the National Women's Political Caucus has been busily counseling local women's groups on how to challenge a slate. Nor are the ladies entirely self-centered: they also want to establish firm quotas for older and younger people, and blacks.

■ In upstate New York, a group of parents is protesting a social studies course used in the public schools. Called "Man: A Course of Study" (MACOS), the course was designed by the National Science Foundation, and offers children an introduction to anthropology, of sorts. The protestors say it is permeated by "Secular Humanism," and therefore amounts to an unconstitutional attempt to promote religion in the schools. We offer no judgment on the specific merits of the protest, but we do admire one touch: the plaintiffs, in a petition to the State Commissioner of Education, allow that they "do recognize the positive qualities of MACOS and have no objection if people who accept the religion of Secular Humanism have it taught to their children under the same conditions that are imposed on teaching other religions."

■ "In fact, of course, there is no Soviet menace either in the West or in the East. It is all a monstrous lie from beginning to end. The Soviet Union has not the slightest intention of attacking anyone. The Soviet Union does not increase its military budget and, far from reducing, is steadily augmenting allocations for improving the people's well-being." (Leonid Brezhnev, from his 5 hr. 10 min. address to the 25th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party.) We're glad to get *that* point cleared up.

Last Line of Defense

Now watch the Walter Cronkite types
  And every sly detractor
Remind the folks that Reagan is
  A former movie actor.

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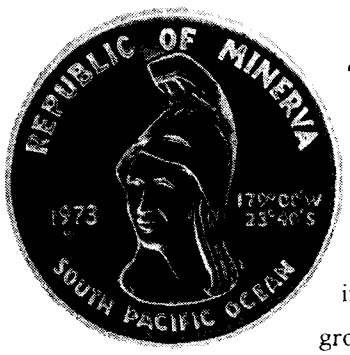

The pure silver reverse displays the "Torch of Freedom" in frosted relief against a mirror-like background. The obverse features a sculptured bust of the ancient goddess, Minerva, executed in high bas relief in pure 24 Karat gold against a background and lettering of pure silver (.999).

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But in addition to its historic importance, beauty and the value of its metallic properties, the Minerva coin is the symbol of a little-known, new country, established in 1972 by a group of visionary, freedom-loving libertarians.

The Republic of Minerva

On January 19, 1972 the North and South Minerva Reefs (situated 400 miles south of Fiji, and previously unclaimed by any nation) were occupied and claimed under international law by the founders of the State of Minerva. These men immediately commenced a bold, sophisticated plan of landfill and seawall development to literally create from once barren reefs the land needed for a city-state of 30,000 inhabitants.

The Republic of Minerva was dedicated to the principles of Capitalism and Free-Enterprise. Its government was limited to the protection of its citizens against force or fraud. Other world governments were officially notified of the existence of the newly created island and its government. Landfill operations were proceeding apace, and recognition had been received from the first of the world's countries when disaster struck.

On June 21, 1972 Minerva was forcibly invaded by the Kingdom of Tonga, its nearest neighbor, 260 miles distant. Unable to effectively defend the island, its government was forced into exile pending resolution of the conflict. The possibility remains that the Republic of Minerva may yet reclaim its territory and if that should happen, the Minerva coin could multiply in value many times over.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

How do you get rid of Vice Presidents? It's not easy to fire them if they don't want to go, especially in an election year. And there's no way, short of catching them with their hands in the cash register, to get them to resign. So the drill is to send them on long trips to obscure places. That's what Richard Nixon did to Spiro Agnew in the summer of 1971 when he wanted to get Agnew out of the public eye so that he could replace him with John Connally. Agnew spent weeks slogging through darkest Africa, making the papers only when something controversial surfaced, like the copulating rhinos incident. And now Nelson Rockefeller is setting off on a similar voyage, visiting such crucial spots as New Zealand, Malaysia, and Singapore. The reason: White House aides are climbing the wall over Rockefeller's refusal to campaign for Ford and the tacit anti-Ford tone of a series of speeches that he proposes to deliver during the next few primary months. The first of the series, given at the National Press Club in late February, attacked *all* the presidential candidates for dealing in "personalities and promises," and deplored "the national election year practice of putting off till tomorrow what we should be doing today." Since Ford is the candidate in the best position to be doing the things that Rocky wants done, White House aides read Rockefeller's speech as an implied attack on the President himself. Thus, a long, quiet trip has been scheduled for the Vice President.

■ Who's the culprit? Washington campaign watchers can't decide who's behind the Ford attacks on Reagan as a right-wing extremist, attacks which seem to fly in the face of accepted primary campaign practices. "If Ford loses the nomination," says one veteran newsman, "he gives the Democrats campaign ammunition, the same way Humphrey gave the Republicans anti-McGovern ammunition back in 1972. If Ford wins, then he's alienated a large chunk of the Republican Party." So who's advising Ford? The process of elimination leaves only a couple of names. The advisors behind the assaults on Reagan aren't Rogers Morton, Melvin Laird, or Bryce Harlow, all of whom reportedly deplore the attacks. And Bo Callaway is out, since he is no longer listened to. That leaves Ford himself and Robert Hartmann, his longtime political advisor. Hartmann, famous in Washington for his erratic temperament, once again has Ford's ear now that Donald Rumsfeld is safely across the Potomac at the Pentagon. And although he calls himself a conservative, Hartmann has long been openly contemptuous of the organized American Right. "Bob personalizes things," says one newsman. "He's taking Reagan's challenge personally."

■ SOLIDARITY FOREVER: Several National Press Club members are proposing that Katharine Graham of the *Washington Post* and George Meany of the AFL-CIO be given Strike Breakers of the Year Awards. Mrs. Graham, publisher of the liberal pro-union *Post*, broke the back of the pressmen's strike against her paper by refusing to negotiate with the union. And the final blow came when 26 pressmen, sitting in at George Meany's headquarters in a bid for more vigorous support, were hauled off in paddy wagons by cops answering an AFL-CIO complaint.

■ First the line was that Richard Nixon was visiting China only as "a private citizen," and there would be "no special briefings." Then Henry Kissinger allowed as how there would be some debriefing when the former President returned. Change of heart? Perhaps. But some Washingtonians wonder why the White House, back when it was denying that Nixon's trip had any sort of foreign policy significance, was at the same time shipping special briefing books out to San Clemente.

■ The bureaucracy got a taste of its own red tape in February when Ray Godfrey, who services brakes in Rapid City, South Dakota, brought the controversial Occupational Safety and Health Commission (OSHC) up short. An OSHC inspector showed up unannounced at Godfrey's shop, demanding to inspect the premises. Godfrey, however, demanded in turn that the inspector fill out a form entitled "Official Public Servant's Questionnaire," which asked, among other things, for information on the inspector's police record, the name of the person requesting the inspection, and whether the inspector knew that the purpose of a government servant is to serve the people.

—CATO

■ As good will tours go, Henry Kissinger's had its ups and downs. By signing a consultation agreement with Brazil, Kissinger has probably helped avert an OPEC-type use of Brazilian iron, manganese, and bauxite. However, this agreement annoyed Brazil's neighbors, who have long been uneasy about her growing power. Two countries had further cause for annoyance: Argentina and Chile were left out of Kissinger's itinerary. ("The snub," said a Chilean official, "is noted.") And all the leaders whom Kissinger visited ignored or rebuffed his pleas to denounce Cuban intervention in Angola.

■ For the last couple of years, the "cod war" between Iceland and Britain has been causing smiles (outside of Iceland and Britain). But it's getting less funny all the time. Iceland has now broken off diplomatic relations with Britain, and the dispute over marine territorial rights threatens to spill over into NATO: the Icelandic Left wants to close down the American-run NATO air base at Keflavik, from which an eye is kept on the route taken by Soviet submarines to and from the Atlantic, and just may be able to muster enough popular sentiment, in this heat, to bring it off. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union has requested harbor facilities and aircraft landing rights in Iceland. Brezhnev is still smiling.

■ Morocco didn't know quite what she was starting last fall, when she euchred Spain into giving her the Spanish Sahara. As soon as Moroccan troops entered ex-Spanish (now Western) Sahara, the inhabitants began to flee. Some of them joined the Polisario Front, an Algerian-supported guerrilla movement, which promptly called for self-determination. At that point everyone started getting into the act. Algeria sent troops into the Sahara, which led to armed clashes, and almost full-scale war, with Morocco. Mauritania, which had been given the southern portion of the Western Sahara by Spain, was fiercely attacked by Polisario. Mauritania, with no army to speak of, fears an Algerian takeover and has begged for help from Spain, which so far is not forth-

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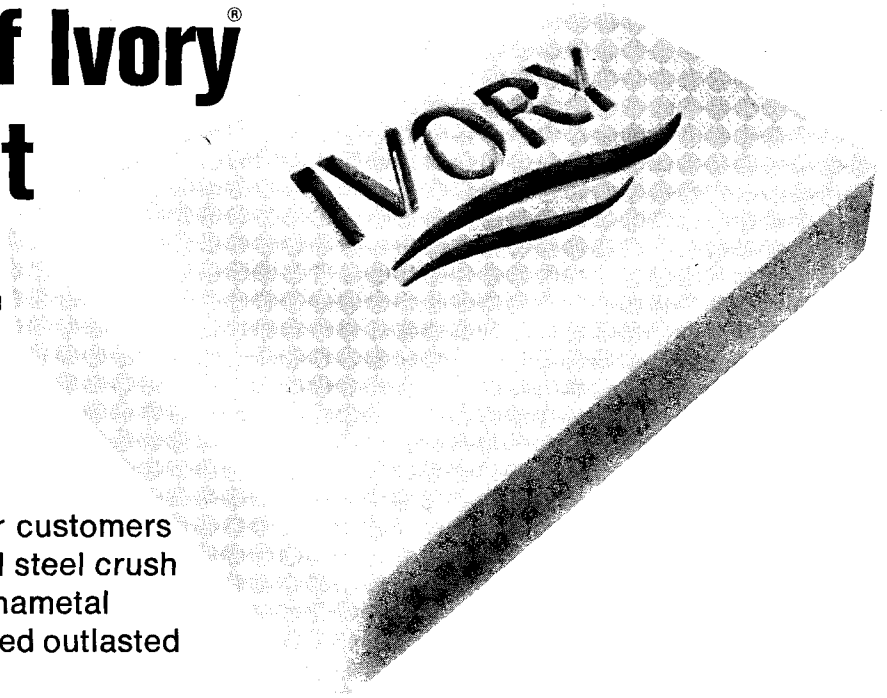

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Chappaquiddick Addenda

When Teddy reconstructed how
The partying turned sour,
He said he checked the dashboard clock
To verify the hour;
But two Associated Press
Reporters have concluded
That on the Valiant of that year,
A clock was not included.

W. H. VON DREELE

coming. Palestinian and Vietnamese military advisors (including General Giap) have been spotted among the Polisario troops. Iraq and Egypt have stepped in as mediators, with the Arab League and OAU backing them up. But if they fail, it's not impossible that the entire northwest corner of Africa will one day belong to Algeria.

■ The February 7 issue of the Soviet journal *Trud* tells a frightful tale of crime and punishment in the Ukraine. It seems that a worker on the Zadorozhny sugar beet farm used some of the crop of beets to make "an evil smelling potion" which appealed not only to him but also to his friends. Indeed, it became so popular that he began mass production and arranged a regular exchange of some of his *samogon* (bootleg vodka) for sugar at the refinery. Soon he had made so many rubles that he was able to build himself what *Trud* called "a palace," surrounded by a high fence, with a Zhiguli car and a shed housing five happy pigs. But the KGB tracked him down in the end, and found 200 kilograms of sugar, 56 liters of maturing vodka, and a still on the premises. Off he went to Siberia for two years, but *Trud* comments with sorrow that he never did name the comrades who supplied him with his sugar.

■ Slip away to exotic South Vietnam, where age-old rhythms and the quaint architecture of a feudal past blend richly with the most modern social structure in the world. Sample the rich cuisine of the South Vietnamese people, spiced with a *soupçon* of the vanishing West—gourmet tidbits from "Le PX." Frolic down the warm sandy beaches of the South China Sea. Pace the battle lines of the historic Siege of Saigon (the kids, of course, will want to see the famous Tan Son Nhut Airport, scene of the dramatic Baby Lift). Visit the spectacular ruins of the Baths of Westmoreland. Try an overnight camping trip to rustic Khe Sanh. Sample the perfumed nights and loll in the blissful ease of a nonacquisitive society, aloft in our beautiful highland resorts. Beginning in March, our foreign guests are invited to enjoy an Oriental welcome to South Vietnam. Right now, our new Tourist Bureau is talking with foreign airlines. So slip away soon —to us. We do it all for you.

■ It has been noted from the obesity of the *Federal Register* that two feet, eight inches more federal rules and regulations were imposed in 1975 than in 1974.

■ Elsewhere in the cultural renaissance, Army Spec. 5 Walter Robinson is planning to walk on the Hudson River and across the English Channel in special floating shoes, after successfully walking the 51 miles of the Panama Canal in thirty hours. Entrepreneurs in Akron, Ohio are marketing "Mafia Protection Deodorant"—"Your personal bodyguard."

■ Terry Driscoll is the new smooching champ of Florida Technical University by virtue of having kissed 5,445 visitors to Sea World in two and half hours. However, top honors, congratulations, and a fifth of Chapstick go to Brenda Decher for kissing 6,433 men "and one old lady" in eight hours at the Green Door Lounge in Shelbyville, Indiana. Miss Decher consumed a tube of toothpaste, a bottle of Listerine, a bottle of Scope, two Chapsticks, and two tubes of lipstick in her cultural coo, which obliterated the previous world mark of 3,000. Congratulations also to the newly prosperous lounge owner and to the local newspaper, which reported the event on its sports page.

■ Saying that he feared assassination and wanted to assume a new identity, former Cambodian Premier Lon Nol has petitioned a court to be allowed legally to spell his name backward. We tried to interview Nol, but our reporter was unable to recognize him after the name-change was granted.

■ Herewith absolutely the last word on the controversy fulminating over the appointment of socialite Joan Braden as "Consumer Affairs Coordinator" to the State Department—the *State* Department?—at $37,800 per, on recommendation of her pal Henry Kissinger and her creditor Nelson Rockefeller, which troughing stirs less public ire than the barbarous neologism used to describe her job as reviewing the "input, thruput, and output" of consumers in relation to—the State Department?, causing the *Washington Star* to complain that it was an onput, and taxpayers to complain that it's another upput, and us to complain that it's a situation upwithwhichwewillnotput.

The Electoral Picture: Sidelights

The importance of the New Hampshire primary to the Reagan and Carter campaigns is handled in Jeffrey Hart's article, "New Hampshire Report," p. 261, but other aspects of the vote and other political developments of the week merit some comment.

1. Sargent Shriver might just as well fold his tent and slip away. He placed fifth among five. Running as the only Catholic in a state that is half Catholic, he got

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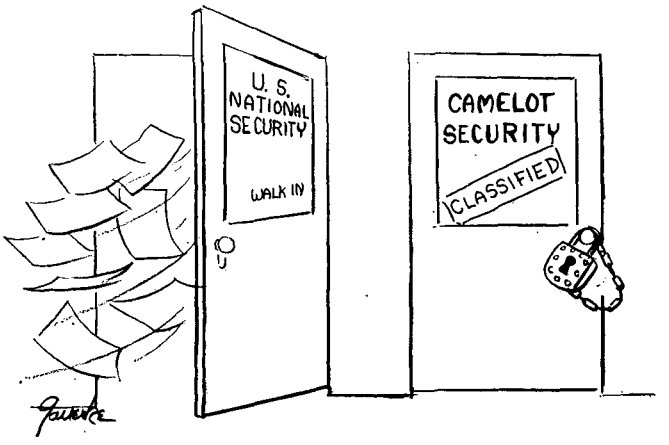

fewer than one out of ten votes. His pussy-footing on the abortion issue may have hurt him there.

2. Fred Harris has proved at least one thing. Populism, even neo-populism, doesn't go in New Hampshire. He finished fourth with a meager 11 per cent of the vote. His campaign is already hard-pressed for money. As an ex-senator who pulled out of his own re-election race two years ago (polls indicated he couldn't win), he has no solid political base. His supporters reminded one of the McCarthy kids of 1968, big on enthusiasm, short on experience. They didn't put it together for Harris any more than their older brothers and sisters had for McCarthy. Harris will have to do better than that in Massachusetts just to keep in the running, and Massachusetts, with Jackson and Wallace added to the field, will be more crowded, tougher.

3. Humphrey is alive and kicking after New Hampshire. He got 6 per cent of the vote in a write-in—only 3 per cent under Shriver—and came off well in the opinion polls. A respectable showing.

4. Which was more than anyone could say for John Connally, the beneficiary-victim of Richard Viguerie's last-minute write-in campaign. Viguerie, the talented right-wing mail order man who has been, among other things, handling the George Wallace mailings, says he spent $20,000 of his own money putting John Connally literature in 200,000 newspapers in New Hampshire, instructing Connally voters in the write-in procedure. Connally netted less than 1 per cent.

5. Ellen McCormack, campaigning on a single issue —anti-abortion—did better than Connally. She got 1 per cent, which wasn't much considering her last-minute $40,000 media blitz.

6. At this writing, no word on how the Wallace Johnson vice presidential race worked out (see "The Week," March 5). Johnson also ran on one issue, his bid for repeal of legislation which pegs congressional salaries to inflation.

Among other developments last week there was the much publicized report that John Connally has invited Republican leaders from all fifty states to his lavish Picosa ranch on March 14, which is to say, right after the Florida primary. This means a) (*Washington Post*) that Connally is moving to gain support for his own presidential candidacy should Ford falter in the early primaries; b) (*Wall Street Journal*) that Connally is willing to accept the vice presidential nomination on a Ford ticket should Reagan falter in the early primaries; and c) (NATIONAL REVIEW) that Connally is a sly dogie and is keeping every option open.

The announcement that Ford had offered William Scranton the UN job and that Scranton had accepted it was, to conservative Republicans, about on a par with his statement that no one to the right of him could hope to be elected President. Scranton is best remembered among certain elements in the party as the Rockefeller flack who tried but failed to derail the Goldwater candidacy at the Cow Palace in 1964.

And finally, to round out the week, gay activist Mark Segal has concluded that presidential candidate Milton Who "has the best track record of any of the candidates" on homosexual rights and proclaimed himself a Gay for Shapp.

Who Is to Watch the Watchmen?

The congressional investigators and media scavengers, after digging for the past year or so in the garbage can of history, have denounced the CIA, along with some of its sibling intelligence agencies, for the types of activity that they declare to be crimes against morality or the common weal: 1) plots to assassinate various and sundry foreign individuals; 2) unjustifiable covert interference of various sorts in the internal affairs of foreign nations; 3) invasion of the rights of U.S. citizens; 4) politically motivated intrusions into the affairs of citizens who had incurred the displeasure of the incumbent Administration. If these are in truth the major sins of the CIA and the rest of "the intelligence community," it is not clear how President Ford's reorganization plan can be expected to shrive them.

All four of the modes of dereliction existed with the knowledge and authorization of five successive Presidents—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon. All were carried out under the jurisdiction of officials and special committees subject to the President. If the purpose of the reorganization is to curb this sort of behavior on the part of the intelligence agencies, the idea of putting them more tightly, directly, and thoroughly under the supervision of the officer (the President) who has been responsible for the improper behavior is a curious solution. The President also proposes a new law that would make it a felony (that is, a crime) for a federal employee to disclose classified information to, e.g., journalists. Whether desirable (and workable) or not, this too is not a likely way to make sure that otherwise hidden abuses will be discovered and rooted out.

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Strangely enough, neither Congress nor the President, in all they have done or said about the intelligence agencies or proposed for their reform, has even mentioned what common sense might regard as questions of some relevance and importance: How does their performance rate? How good are they at their jobs? Does the nation get its money's worth out of them? No one has brought up their swollen bureaucratic apparatus, their overlapping functions, their bureaucratic habit of keeping obsolescent projects and operations alive by annual injections of taxpayers' dollars. In all the fuss against and occasionally for covert actions, no one has made a serious effort to determine what percentage of them has in fact served the nation's interest, what percentage has harmed it, and what percentage has been a rather silly waste of time and money. No one has attempted to confront what is probably the key question in assessing the CIA: Should the missions of both intelligence and covert action be assigned to a single agency?

All in all, it is reasonable to conclude that the President's plan for intelligence reorganization was not intended either to guard against the abuses—real or alleged—that have been publicized, or to improve the government's intelligence function. The President, we would guess, was mounting a preventive attack in an effort to pre-empt the field, or at least clutter it up, before Congress threw in a plan of its own devising. That presidential maneuver has our sympathy. Mr. Ford's proposals are inadequate and in part irrelevant. What Messrs. Church and Pike come up with is likely to be disastrous.

Angola Finale

Elsewhere in this issue, James Burnham analyzes the meaning for the West of the MPLA takeover in Angola, courtesy of Soviet rockets and tanks plus large numbers of Cuban mercenaries. Back in 1959 and 1960, meetings of U.S. leftists routinely chanted "Hands off Cuba." Today, no demand is audible that the Cuban dictatorship keep its hands off other countries and other continents. The Soviets have not only abolished the Monroe Doctrine by means of their Cuban satellite; they have actually inverted the Doctrine by using Cuba as a base for intervention in other hemispheres.

It remains to be said that U.S. policy in Angola achieved the worst possible result. The U.S. might have stayed out of Angola altogether, thus cutting its losses. Alternatively, the U.S. might have intervened with sufficient weight to forestall the MPLA victory—though this would have required adequate political preparation of U.S. public opinion. Instead the Administration secretly provided enough support to assure continuing MPLA hostility but too little to do the pro-Western side much good. It was entirely predictable that this covert aid would be discovered, and that there would follow the usual uproar. Our ineffective covert aid, in addition, made it certain that we would be implicated in the defeat of the pro-Western forces, and suffer the inevitable political damage—and, beyond that, end up in a disadvantageous position for negotiating some sort of relation with the winning MPLA faction. Already France, Britain, Italy, and other European nations are establishing diplomatic connections with the Luanda regime (and casting an eye at economic opportunities), though the Soviet influence of course remains paramount. If the tacticians in the State Department had tried to devise a game plan to achieve the worst possible result, they could not have invented a more consummate failure.

Planned Unemployment

An apparently innocuous news report states that the Administration's "plan calls for an average national unemployment rate of 7.7 per cent this year. Roughly translated, that means that seven million people will be out of work. . . ." That little blurb (from the *New York Times*) shows once again how the news can be twisted as much by innocent ignorance as by deliberate design.

First of all, the 7.7 per cent figure is not a "plan" at all but a prediction, required to make some realistic estimate of what the government's expenses and revenues are likely to be. The budget document is no place for wishful thinking or unrealistic political claims. If anything, the Office of Management and Budget is to be congratulated for the caution of its assumptions. The 1976 budget, for example, predicted much more inflation than we are actually experiencing, and was likewise attacked as an Administration "plan."

Second, while it is probably unavoidable that "some seven million people will be out of work" *in any given month*, that does not mean that they have all been laid off, nor that they will remain unemployed for anything like the entire year. Even in 1975, the average monthly unemployment rate for those losing a job (as opposed to quitting, or looking for a first job) was 4.7 per cent. The average unemployment rate for those unemployed longer than 15 weeks was 2.7 per cent. The official unemployment rate of 8.5 per cent last year tells us little about

Debriefing Nixon

Jerry: You talk to him.
Kissinger: Me?
Jerry: Who dug this hole?
Kissinger: We.
Jerry: I'm *out* of it.
Kissinger: You?
Jerry: I'm President.
Kissinger: Phew!

W. H. von Dreele

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why people were unemployed, or for how long. Most important, the whole notion that governments know how to "plan" and achieve whatever level of unemployment they like is without the slightest foundation in economic theory or fact. One of the least controversial basic tools of econometrics, "Okun's Law," suggests that the unemployment rate will come down by one-third of one percentage point per year for each percentage point of real GNP growth above a 4 per cent normal rate. By this rule, getting from 8 to 4 per cent unemployment quickly would require one year of 16 per cent growth in real GNP, or two years of 10 per cent growth. Such figures have never been remotely approached except during the early years of World War II, when controls on prices and production, as well as the inherent difficulty of putting a value on bombs and tanks, made the numbers essentially meaningless.

So whenever some politician says that he will provide "full employment" in a year or two, he may safely be dismissed as a fraud. It can't be done—least of all by blatantly inflationary policies. If a politician says he can get unemployment down quickly through a massive expansion of government employment (we are talking about an average of seven million unemployed each month, and largely a different group of people each month), ask what method he has of paying these people that would not be at the expense of private production and employment. The alleged savings from reduced unemployment benefits would pay a relatively trivial portion of the expense. It is easy enough to create claims to a share of marketed goods and services: just print money and give it to more government employees. But that just reduces average real wages by diluting the value of each dollar. It is not so easy to create the goods and services to match such dollar claims, however—especially when the government is taxing productive activity into oblivion. We can't make employees richer by making employers poorer.

Spirit of '76, Covert Division

If you watch television or listen to radio; if you're on the mailing list of the Campfire Girls, the National Council of Churches, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, or various PTAs; if you read *Newsweek*, *Playboy*, or *U.S. News & World Report*, you've probably heard of the People's Bicentennial Commission, and what you've heard is probably good. The PBC and its leader, Jeremy Rifkin, are, as *Newsweek* confesses, "mediagenic." They make much better copy than the establishment American Revolution Bicentennial Administration. They do things like breaking up official Bicentennial celebrations while carrying placards quoting Thomas Jefferson, Sam Adams, et al.; staging a Boston Oil Party (throwing empty oil barrels into the Harbor as a warning to "energy-crisis profiteers"); and presenting the Bill of Rights, incognito, to a thousand or so citizens and asking them to endorse it. Most refused, PBC reports—some thought it sounded like Communist propaganda; virtually none recognized it.

But is the People's Bicentennial Commission just a cheerfully outrageous, slightly leftist exponent of the Spirit of '76? Jeremy Rifkin is a veteran of the anti-Vietnam War movement who has written in various Marxist publications. In a 1971 article in the pro-Mao *New American Movement*, he said that America's revolutionary heritage must be used as a "tactical weapon" against those in power by focusing attention on their inability to translate "our revolutionary dreams into reality." The Left must take advantage of the Bicentennial to link the revolutionary ideals of "Thomas Paine, Sam Adams, and Benjamin Rush and the American people with Lenin, Mao, Che Guevara, and the struggle of all oppressed people in the world." Rifkin's Declaration of Economic Independence has got a good deal of publicity, but more for its style than its substance. It takes the form, and half the words, of the Declaration of Independence, substituting, e.g., "economic systems" wherever "governments" occurs in the original and—we must keep up with the times—writing "people" wherever the original says "men." In substance, however, it amounts to urging the formation of workers' soviets.

The PBC's major targets are the U.S. Government and "this new economic royalty of stockholders, corporate executives, and wealthy families," specifically the *Fortune* 500. Among the PBC's backers are a governmental agency, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and Stewart Mott, General Motors heir.

Homogenizing Harvard

Harvard University isn't yet what the French call a *grande école,* the flagship of a uniform national educational system; but the boundaries between it and what the *Harvard Crimson* refers to as "the Real World" are dangerously blurring. At least, so argues Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich Jr. ("Harvard on the Way Down," *Harper's*, March 1976). "What institution," he demands, "could maintain its integrity against the reverential touting that Harvard has received in the last twenty years? Any place so lauded, so widely desired, risks becoming a natural resource, and natural resources have a tendency to turn into public property, in fact if not in name."

Aldrich suggests that as Harvard has, in an age of mass higher education, become increasingly constricted by the coils of egalitarianism, it has paid increasingly less attention to the social and cultural qualifications of its applicants, and has thus ineluctably evolved from a community of scholars into a resentful federation of careerist technocrats on the one hand and restless crypto-hippies—their psyches tied into knots of guilt by the thought that someone somewhere is being rejected by Harvard—on the other. Furthermore, Aldrich asserts,

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President Derek Bok runs Harvard as if he were at the helm of a democratic republic—i.e., with a democratic republican's paramount interest in fairness, egalitarianism, and the facilitation of his constituents' wants. But, as Aldrich so intelligently puts it, "Government exists . . . to provide the framework in which citizens can achieve *their* goals and purposes. A University . . . is, or should be, a purposeful institution with goals of its own. . . . If Mr. Bok imagines his role to be merely that of a facilitator of the expressiveness of others, he will have little to fear from government takeover. It will be the apt fulfillment of the goals of fairness, and a final capitulation to constituency politics in a university." Meanwhile, Mr. Bok pushes forward with his public policy program, designed to provide young experts for the Washington trade.

Not Nixon!

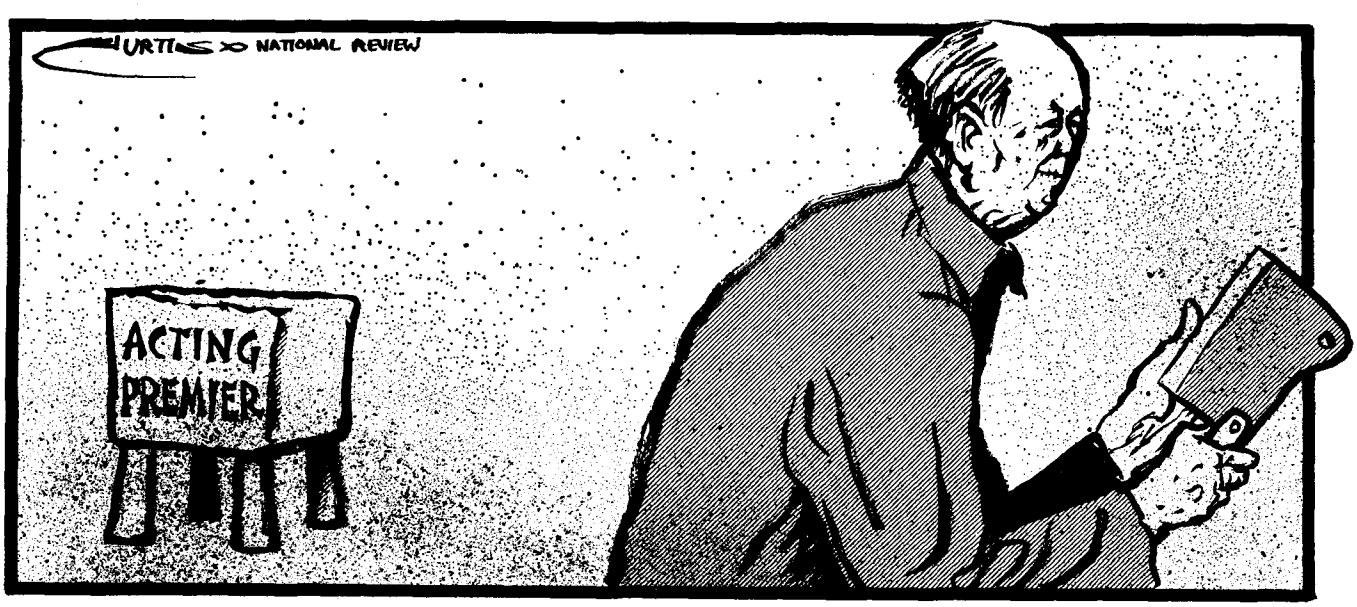
Richard Nixon escapes all the categories. Ordinary judgments regarding taste, propriety, ethics, and what have you suddenly seem irrelevant. The very language moves toward hyperbole, or else, defeated differently, toward total silence. Could it be that Richard Nixon, crumpled up and thrown into the wastebasket two years ago, is now on the front pages clinking glasses with Chairman Mao and other Chinese dignitaries? Barry Goldwater could not stand it. In an early morning TV interview, he blurted out that Nixon would do us all a favor by staying in Peking and that Nixon had in fact violated the Logan Act. Zounds! Perhaps Ford will pardon him again. Or—glittering opportunity—prosecute him this time.

The difficulty is that Nixon is a sort of Corn God, a character out of Frazer's *Golden Bough*. He dies again and again, but he always rises from the dead. He died in 1952, in 1960, in 1962, and in 1974—but here he is, denouncing Helsinki, implying strong criticism of the management of detente by Ford and Kissinger (both of them his own creations). In its intellectual substance, the message Nixon was beaming from Peking possessed merit. Beside Nixon, Lazarus looks like a quitter. Phlebas the Phoenecian, a fortnight dead . . .

Unsocial Spending

President Ford, in his State of the Union Address, suggested that this is not the appropriate time to discuss major changes in "social welfare" programs. As with many of the President's suggestions, life speedily left this one behind. Out on the field of battle, this is one topic that none of the candidates, including candidate Ford, can avoid discussing. Some figures in the *Social Security Bulletin* for January show why. In this study, welfare is broadly defined as government spending "for income maintenance through social insurance programs and public aid and the public provision of health, education, housing, and other welfare services." The total of social welfare spending, so defined, was up 19.7 per cent in fiscal 1975—to a staggering total of $286.5 billion (58 per cent of which was federal, even when revenue sharing funds are counted as state and local spending). Adding private spending of the same sort brings the total up to $389 billion, or 27 per cent of GNP. Since the public sector expenditures alone amount to about $12,000 for each man, woman, and child below the poverty line (or $29,000 per household), it is fairly obvious that most of this money is not going to the poor. We cannot simply assume, as many professional liberals do, that any and all reductions of HEW-type spending must be at the expense of the poor.

When public welfare expenditures are adjusted for inflation and population growth, we find that their increase is still 765 per cent since 1950—from $318.50 per person in 1950 (expressed in dollars of 1975 purchasing power) to $1,319.42 in 1975. Government



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civilian employment in the same period rose from 6 million to 14.7 million, or from 10.3 to 17.4 per cent of the work force, yet Congress is busy passing laws to expand it still faster.

It is foolish to talk about the benefits of government spending and government employment without talking about the cost. A sizable part of this growing burden is obviously borne by people with low incomes—both directly, through payroll and other taxes, and indirectly, by reducing private savings and economic growth. Still, it is commonly assumed that most of the benefit of that $286.5 billion in "social welfare" spending accrues to a mere 9.9 million households with incomes below the poverty line (which is obviously untrue), and that the cost is somehow shifted to "corporations" or to the few hundred thousand households with gross incomes above $50,000 a year (which is arithmetically impossible).

So long as these enormous sums can be safely placed outside the realm of criticism through the simple expedient of labeling them "social welfare" expenditures, few political candidates are willing to raise questions about who, in fact, pays for all these sacrosanct goodies, and who really gets the benefits.

What Is Guilt?

The Patty Hearst trial is enormously complex. As in many trials, much of what the layman would consider important evidence turns out to be inadmissible, yet unlike a lot of trials, most of the essential facts—and certainly the basic factual contention—are not in doubt. Patty took part in the Hibernia, California bank robbery on April 15, 1974, ten weeks after she was kidnapped. The only real question concerns her intent at the time of the robbery. The trial, then, is really only about the "fact" of her intent—that is, about her guilt, if any—and inevitably about the definition of guilt.

Insanity has long been a defense in American jurisprudence, as have inability to determine right from wrong and extreme duress. But Patty is relying on something different. Patty's defense is that she was "brainwashed"—well, not actually brainwashed: that's the popular term and is medically and legally meaningless. According to defense witness Dr. Louis J. West, Patty was subjected to "coercive persuasion." West based his opinion on a total acceptance of Patty's whole story—which includes her description of her intent—from the time of her kidnapping up to her capture. The comparison is being made to the Korean War prisoners who capitulated to the enemy and signed anti-U.S. statements. But that was while they were in captivity. Most recovered, after release, in about three months.

Patty's "coercive persuasion syndrome," however, lasted much longer, and lasted even while she enjoyed considerable—perhaps complete—freedom from the Symbionese Liberation Army. Did there come a time when a girl in Patty's position should have shaken off "coercive persuasion" and taken flight from her surviving captors? Or is one allowed to ask only, did there come a time when *this* defendant should have reasserted her own individuality and tried to escape? The difference is crucial.

Is Patty guilty? That depends both on what the purpose of the law is and what is meant by guilt—but that is not like asking, "What is truth?" Truth is objective. Legal guilt is not; it is defined and determined by society. The purpose of the law, among other things, is to threaten with penalties people who are too dumb to perceive their own waywardness. It may be that Patty was brainwashed—whatever that means—but one of society's defenses against brainwashing is to put future kidnap victims on notice that they must continue to resist even while in captivity. For civilized society to do otherwise might become a license for lawbreaking and might also remove from the victims themselves one of the supports for their resistance.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

At last—the answer to our energy problems. And it's so simple—the U.S. must seize Saudi Arabia and annex it as our energy colony!

Thus urges Robert Sherrill in the February *Playboy*, "It's not just a good idea, it's an absolute necessity if the United States wants to regain control of its own life."

There are a few problems, to be sure. Russia would object, for one, but the U.S. could give them Iran, the second largest oil producer. "Besides," Sherrill adds, "it would be delightful to see the Russians move in and crush Reza Pahlavi, a militaristic megalomaniac whom we put in power via a CIA coup in 1953. . . ."

I think you'll enjoy reading Sherrill's final solution—it begins on page 34. You might even want to share it with your fans. Sincerely,

Barbara Kleban
for Playboy Enterprises, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Kleban:

Ho hum. We published an article five years ago ["A Strategic Alternative," by Charles Benson, Nov. 17, 1970] about the hypothetical desirability of taking over Libya. In another five years, can *Playboy* be expected to catch up with NATIONAL REVIEW in other matters?

Yours cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Writing with reference to Senator Humphrey's re-

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marks concerning the relation of aid to Zaire and aid to New York, you claim that fidelity to "the laws of logic" requires that the Senator's position be rejected.

The implication expressed by the proposition "If we help A, then we must help B," it is suggested, follows on the condition that A and B are "generically identical," or roughly so. Apparently the assumption involved is imagined to be something like Leibniz' principle of substitutivity, *salva veritate*, which licenses the substitution of terms x and y for one another where there exists a z such that $x = z$ and $y = z$ (according to the strict formalization of mathematical logic). Notice, however, that yours is a non-logical proposition involving a material implication. Where A is logically equivalent to B, there is merely asserted a trivial tautology (on the order of "If we help New York, then we must help the nation's largest city"); where A and B are not logically equivalent, no truth-functional proposition is asserted whatsoever, and so the laws of logic are in this case incompetent to decide anything.

As a matter of ethical or pragmatic prudence, on the other hand, it is possible to imagine any number of situations where a proposition of the form in question involving generically similar or dissimilar terms may or may not be favorably regarded, depending on the nature of their connection. It would not make much sense, for example, to introduce one person to another out of an interest in their mutual advantage as friends if you intended to kill or seriously maim one of them, especially if this might result in harm to yourself. I do not say that President Ford's policy regarding New York would surely injure that city, and by extension the nation, though I believe this to be a likely consequence. If, in fact, a default by that city (should one occur) were to have less than happy consequences, then it would be difficult to understand in what sense the national interest is served by aiding instead a nation of marginal concern —if it is assumed that federal intervention would better have helped New York. In any case, the issue may not be decided in advance as a matter of logic, for the quite simple reason that the affairs of the world do not constitute a deductive system. Senator Humphrey may be in error, but certainly not for the reasons you propose.

Your own error, however, is plain enough. And it is, I believe, this sort of mistake that vitiates much of the reasoning that you so smugly find compelling. Which is not to say that many of your conclusions are not correct, only that there is no reason to believe that they are legitimately concluded.

With sincere regards,
Malcolm B. DeBevoise
Lamprecht Fellow in Philosophy
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Professor DeBevoise:

You have a point, but the trouble with it is that it is over-tidy. It was Senator Humphrey who began it all, by suggesting a logical deduction: i.e., that if the Administration refuses to send money to New York City, then the Senate should refuse to send money to Zaire. If the second follows from the first, a logical relationship is implied, since we must, as a matter of courtesy, rule out the other plausible relationship, which is retaliatory. As you no doubt know, logical feints of this character are best examined by universalizing them. In doing so, one finds justification for such a statement as, "If the Administration refuses to help New York City, then the Senate should refuse to help Chicago." I do not need to elaborate on the point that here the two proposed beneficiaries are sufficiently cognate to sustain the logical association. It would have been more thoughtful of you to have read my analysis as saying: "If Humphrey is appealing to logic, then that logic is defective, the differences between aid to New York City and aid to Zaire being material in respect of motive, effect, and size: and therefore decisive." You philosophers do some very good work, and your arpeggios are note-perfect, but you must try to understand the idiomatic conjugations if you wish to participate usefully in political controversy. Yours most cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently came across an advertisement for United States Savings Bonds that included the statement: "200 years at the same location." If you will permit me to do so through your illustrious publication, I should like to inform members of my government that considering the current status of fiscal management by the Congress and the continued demonstration that no changes will occur, I prefer to wait for the Going Out of Business sale; and that if the current policy of detente continues, I shall buy during the Under New Management bonanza.

J. Mark Hyams
Meadville, Pa.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Delicious, from an *American Opinion* piece (January) by Alan Stang in which he reports on telephone interviews with conservative columnists and comments: "Needless to say, none of this applies to William F. Buckley. This article deals only with those columnists who, so far as your reporter knows, may safely be assumed to be on our side—which naturally excludes members of the Council on Foreign Relations and those who conspire with the Bilderbergers."

Priscilla:

Don't tell anyone, but the Bilderbergers conspired to make Alan Stang write that. Boy, are they powerful. On the other hand, since they are powerful enough to run the foreign policies of the entire world, why should we be surprised that they should succeed in dictating policy to the John Birch Society? XX Bill

—WFB

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Angola: What Is Moscow Up to?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

A. The Kremlin's Angolan operation is big-time. Recent estimates of $300 million for the cost of the past year's activity are surely low. Fifteen thousand Cubans, a thousand or so Russians and Czechs, dozens of MiGs and helicopters, scores of tanks, hundreds of trucks and armored vehicles, thousands of rocket launchers, tens of thousands of rapid fire weapons, lots of ammunition and electronic equipment, plus the ships and aircraft and planning that brought these elements together at the right place at the right time—it all adds up to an expensive package.

B. The suggestion made by some of our wailers that Moscow's intervention began in a big way only last August, in response to U.S. support of FNLA-UNITA, is as silly as it is ignorant. An operation on this scale at such a distance (in culture as well as miles) from the primary base presupposes long, careful planning and preparation. Soviet ships began deliveries of supplies to the MPLA in Luanda shortly after the April 1974 Portuguese coup; early in 1975 deliveries were also being made by both ship and transport aircraft via the Congo (Brazzaville). From the early 1960s, Moscow was in active contact with the Angolan liberation movement, sending aid and instructors, and bringing militants to the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia for special training. In the first stage Moscow worked with (and recruited from) all the liberation groupings, including Holden Roberto's FNLA and what became UNITA, but gradually concentrated on MPLA as the most promising.

C. The current Angolan operation cannot be classified as "normal" Soviet support to "all liberation struggles." Since shortly after the 1974 coup, there has been no question about Angola's liberation: the Portuguese revolutionary government proclaimed it, set a date, and pulled out.

D. Moscow's style in this Angolan operation has been conspicuously brazen and provocative. Once things got going, there was little effort at cosmetic disguise. Rather the contrary: the massiveness of the support, the leading role of Cubans and Russians, the huge quantity of delivered weapons relative to the nature of the combat, the presence of Soviet naval units offshore and their use in the last month, have all been flaunted, as if the Kremlin wanted to make sure that everyone would understand what was going on.

What's the Big Idea?

What, then, is Moscow up to?

1. Angola has vast reserves of key minerals, including uranium, petroleum, gold, and diamonds. Since the Soviet Union possesses these same minerals at home, it has no acute need for more. However, preventing, or being in a position to prevent, Western access to them is one of the motives for the Soviet intervention.

2. It is widely recognized, except by members of Congress and liberal columnists, that the use of Angolan ports and airfields would be of great strategic value to the Soviet Union. The most obvious result would be a permanent threat to the oil supply route from the Persian Gulf, and more generally to the South Atlantic. Unquestionably, Moscow expects to gain port and airfield rights, which an MPLA government will as unquestionably not refuse.

3. This extension of Moscow's strategic reach is an essential sector of a broader pattern that encompasses all Africa: to the northeast, at the entrance to the Red Sea (Aden, Somalia), along the east coast (Mauritius), on the western bulge (Guinea, Equatorial Guinea, Guinea-Bissau).

4. The Angolan operation was a first realistic field operation for the long-range combat capability that the Soviet Union (like Russia before it) never possessed in the past, but has been rapidly developing in recent years. A significant and successful feature of this test was the requisition of the main body of troops from the client state, Cuba. The fact that a considerable portion of its population is black or near-black makes Cuba especially valuable as a source of personnel for African missions. The soldiers assigned to Angola are virtually all from the darker side of the Cuban spectrum.

5. The most important function of the Angolan operation was to test the will of the Western nations, most particularly of the United States. This accounts for the otherwise puzzling provocative style. The test of will was pushed further and further, to see how far it could go before evoking a response. As it turned out—quite possibly to the Kremlin's surprise—no active response ever did come. The Western will remained as inert as putty. If there had been any sign of a serious Western counteraction, Moscow would very probably have reduced the pressure, closed out the test, and settled for some sort of coalition. The withdrawal of the South African forces signaled that the U.S. and Western Europe were not going to do anything. From then on, the Cubans had clear sailing.

6. By its Angolan triumph, Moscow has been showing the governments in southern Africa which side their bread is buttered on.

The Next Angolas

The demonstrations of Western paralysis and Soviet initiative will accelerate the larger program for southern Africa that begins with the destruction of the existing Rhodesian and (subsequently) South African regimes. Moscow pursues this objective because the regimes are pro-Western; the black governments, because they are white. In the negative phase there is thus the basis for common action, though one or two of the black governments may have a qualm at what may come after. Qualm or not, it will not be surprising if action against Rhodesia begins to build up in the near future. Just to set the scene, Sean MacBride, Commissioner of the United Nations (the World's Last Best Hope for Peace) for Namibia, predicted on February 18 that Rhodesia would be "invaded" from both Mozambique and Zambia "very soon," that "Cuban troops might assist the assault," and that "Ian Smith's government could be gone in four to six weeks." UN Commissioner MacBride, a former IRA chief of staff as well as former Irish Foreign Minister, makes no secret of the fact that his prediction coincides with his hopes. □

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ONE PRIMARY DOWN, 29 TO GO

New Hampshire Report

From strategically located Dartmouth, the author has observed the major challengers, Democrats Carter and Udall, Republican Reagan. His assessment of events leading to Primary Day, February 24

JEFFREY HART

Easton goes Democratic, Wilson 4
Hughes 2. And everybody to the saddest
Laughed the loud laugh, the big laugh at the little
New York (five million) laughs at Manchester,
Manchester (sixty or seventy thousand) laughs
At Littleton (four thousand), Littleton
Laughs at Franconia (seven hundred), and
Franconia laughs, I fear—did laugh that night—
At Easton. What has Easton left to laugh at,
And like the actress exclaim, "Oh, my God" at?
There's Bungey; and for Bungey there are towns,
Whole townships named but without population.
—*Robert Frost*, New Hampshire

LATE AUTUMN, 1975. Indian summer. The air has a golden, almost gauze-like quality. Former Georgia governor Jimmy Carter will make a major appearance at 4 P.M. on the Dartmouth College campus in Hanover, New Hampshire. During the past 12 months, Carter has made a dozen trips to the state and spent more than thirty days campaigning here—even more time than Representative Morris Udall, whose New Hampshire office opened in March, a mere nine months ago. The locals are saying that the Georgian and the Arizonan have spent so much time here that they qualify as residents and can vote for themselves in the primary.

Candidates like to come to Hanover, New Hampshire, though it is a small college town. A deceptive myth exists about New Hampshire, to the effect that the state consists of picturesque Yankee hamlets with white-steepled churches and inhabitants who spend most of their time at town meetings. The truth is that the bulk of the voters come from such cities as Manchester, Concord, Nashua, Keene, Laconia, and Portsmouth, where the population is heavily ethnic and working-class. The state has also experienced a population explosion in the area near the Massachusetts border, and down there New Hampshire is substantially part of the Boston metropolitan complex. Not surprisingly, thousands of Massachusetts residents have fled over the border to the New Hampshire tax haven; ironically enough, these suburbanites tend to be "issue-oriented" liberals, many of them eager to impose on New Hampshire the kind of taxes they only recently escaped from by leaving Massachusetts. Although most of the population lives in the

Mr. Hart, a professor at Dartmouth, also writes a popular newspaper column.

Photographs by Steven L. Borns, 1976

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Carter is not handsome, but he is appealing. You are reminded, weirdly, of Eleanor Roosevelt's homely, lined attractiveness

southern and central parts of the state, the candidates come to Hanover for several reasons. Newspaper reporters and TV crews feel more comfortable in the college environment than in the bleak industrial towns, and the coverage is likely to be better. Dartmouth's facilities are lavish and include auditoria with superb acoustics and sophisticated electronic equipment. Hanover is a local media center.

Though the primary remains five months in the future on this autumn afternoon, the Jimmy Carter operation looks as if it means business. Posters all over town have heralded the impending appearance. They read "Why Not Our Best?" and show a picture of a smiling Jimmy Carter. As 4 P.M. approaches, the auditorium vicinity fills up with TV crews, sound trucks, press photographers, Secret Service men, and Jimmy Carter aides with deep Georgia accents. The well-appointed, ultra-modern auditorium fills rapidly. The crowd, consisting of students, local townspeople, and faculty members, seems friendly, but more curious than partisan. Ninety minutes later, this atmosphere of genial detachment will change impressively.

At 4:05 Carter enters through a side door, the glare of TV spotlights making it difficult at first to distinguish the candidate from the surrounding bustle. Then Carter is on the platform, one hand waving in a relaxed way, his most prominent feature now a brilliant white smile that seems a virtually immutable part of his face. Soon he comes more sharply into focus.

Carter has a mop of hair cut in a longish mod way, but conservatively so, not too long—a good visual metaphor, one discovers, for the candidacy he is attempting to fashion. The hair is grey around the ears, sandy on top, straight but fluffy, and oddly wig-like. Carter's face is memorable. I had heard somewhere that he resembles Jack Kennedy, and there is something to that—a matter of style (the conservatively dressed Carter will be among the nation's ten best-dressed men), energy, and assurance. Carter's cold blue eyes do not smile. They contrast interestingly with the other signs of personal warmth. He is not handsome, but he is appealing. You are reminded, weirdly, of Eleanor Roosevelt's homely, lined attractiveness. And Carter has one of those mouths—frequently seen among Southerners—the physical shape of which, in its infrequent moments of unsmiling repose, suggests some obscure hurt. Wallace has one too.

Jimmy Carter says he will speak for a few minutes and then answer questions from the audience. His remarks are low-key but impressive in overall effect. He exudes competence and confidence. He outlines his experience: Naval Academy at Annapolis, graduate study in nuclear physics at Cornell, nuclear submarine duty, protégé of Admiral Hyman Rickover. When his father died, he decided to leave the Navy and return to Georgia, where he had a successful second career raising peanuts; and then a third career as governor, during which he worked to reconcile the races and also to streamline the state bureacracy. As a presidential candidate, he has the support of leading Georgia blacks Julian Bond and Andrew Young. He personally opposes forced busing (he makes no mention of a constitutional amendment to stop it), but he favors integration and in fact was one of the architects of Atlanta's successful school integration plan. As a Naval Academy graduate and former naval officer, he knows that the Pentagon budget can be cut without weakening our defenses. Carter thinks of himself as liberal on social questions but conservative on economic and fiscal ones.

What comes through most strongly, however, is the distinctive Jimmy Carter "music." He belongs to that tiny group of politicians who could say something like "oranges are round" and make you feel that they had uttered a deeply considered and profoundly felt truth. He can, for example, get away with things like this: "I want our nation to have once again a government as good and honest and decent and idealistic and compassionate and as full of love as the American people." The frequently iconoclastic students and intellectuals in the audience do not laugh. (Later on in the primary campaign, in response to an audience question, Carter will reply quietly but firmly that he has "a personal relationship with Christ," and that, yes, he has been "twice born.")

AFTER HIS opening remarks, Carter handles audience questions with great skill, and it becomes clear that his campaign operation is a slick one. The first few questions from the audience sound as if they had been planted. A boy sitting on the aisle in the second row raises his hand and in a deep Southern accent asks a question about welfare. As TV cameras focus on audience and then candidate, Carter showers everyone with statistics and expertise, managing to sound simultaneously compassionate and in favor of the work ethic. The TV footage will obviously be used later on for spot ads on prime time.

About halfway through the program, Carter begins to employ the phrase "When I am President . . ." It sounds neither presumptuous nor incredible. At the conclusion of the program his aides will pass out cards for the purpose of signing up local volunteer workers, and at least a couple of dozen people will sign up on the spot.

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Just before that conclusion, however, a very strange event takes place, unnoticed by much of the audience. It signals something that could prove ominous for the attractive and obviously able Jimmy Carter.

In the course of answering a question from the floor, Carter digresses into the following peroration: "And let me say this to you. I am running for President. I am going to win. But I don't *have* to be President. I don't *need* to be President. I would not *lie* to be President and as President I would not lie to the American people. And if any of you here who support me ever find that I have lied to you, I just hope that you drop that support at once." Not bad, and it goes down well in the wake of the frauds and near-frauds perpetrated by Johnson and Nixon.

But then, incredibly, gratuitously, Carter . . . *lies!* Answering the next question, about the differences between Republicans and Democrats, Carter launches into a long canard about interest rates. The Republicans are in favor of high interest rates, he explains, because they are rich and have the money to lend, while under Democratic Administrations you always get low interest rates.

Carter's premise is that there exists such a thing as the national Democratic Party. The Carter candidacy—and this is its political meaning—tests that premise

It is a weird, even surrealistic moment. Carter is too bright to believe that. Could this attractive and plausible chap be some sort of Lord Jim? Does he have some quirky tropism toward telling lies? Or was it a moment of quiet arrogance—did Carter, knowing he had made an excellent impression, decide that he could sell even that answer to these clowns in front of him? An economist in the audience and I turn toward each other with looks of wild surmise. It was as if we had found a severed hand on the tennis court.

As the primary campaign got going in earnest, and especially after his strong showing in the Iowa caucus, Carter began to come under ferocious attack on just that issue: honesty. He seems to have claimed as advisors notable individuals, such as George Ball, who then denied ever talking with him. It turns out that Carter *did* reorganize the Georgia bureaucracy, but in the process actually expanded it from 49,000 to 60,000 and added a new upper level of bureaucrats. Black officials in Georgia began loudly asserting that Carter had nothing to do with Atlanta's integration plans, his own assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. Iowa anti-abortion spokesmen claimed that Carter flimflammed them on *that* issue. In the February issue of *Harper's* there appears a grab-bag article by one Stephen Brill called "Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies."

In some part, at least, Carter's truth problem arises from his political situation and his campaign strategy. That strategy, indeed, makes him at the moment the most interesting of the Democratic candidates in New Hampshire. Carter's premise is that there exists such a thing as the national Democratic Party. The Carter candidacy—and this is its political meaning—tests that premise, which may very well turn out to be false. Is it possible to be liberal enough to win the votes of Democrats in New England or Wisconsin and at the same time conservative enough to be acceptable in Florida or Texas? On the face of it, it does not seem possible.

Thus the Brill article savagely attacks Carter for past friendliness to George Wallace and Lester Maddox—though it is difficult to see how Carter could have made his way in Georgia Democratic politics by pronouncing anathemas on those figures. Both the Udall and Bayh camps have been holding Carter's "liberal credentials" up to the light and discovering blemishes. Among high-and-dry liberal activists, I have found a palpable *loathing* of Carter. At the same time, it remains very much open to question whether Carter can beat Wallace in Florida—Carter's ultimate test—or in the busing-tormented ethnic neighborhoods.

Carter's candidacy, moreover, is based on the assumption that he can somehow reconcile no-growth ecologists and growth-oriented union members, people who desire nuclear power plants and people who recoil from them as the work of Satan, busers and anti-busers, patriots and self-lacerating liberals, pro- and anti-abortion people, gay libbers and Archie Bunkers.

Still, it is an historical fact that energy and power have characteristically been generated in American culture by contradictions. The man who can *contain* the contradictions wins the political and artistic prizes. In his "Notes on Virginia," Thomas Jefferson expresses a belief in both the pastoral ideal *and* commercial development, and by containing that contradiction Jefferson gained an advantage over those who held to one or the other half of it, the mere sentimentalists and the mere economists. Among the Democrats running in New Hampshire, Jimmy Carter is the most—or rather the only—complex entity, and therefore, as of now, the only one possessing an aura of possibility.

II

THE DIFFERENCES AMONG the other major Democratic candidates are largely stylistic. Udall, Bayh, and Harris compete with one another for the Democratic votes to the left of Carter. They shape up as follows.

Morris (Mo) Udall is the candidate of the upper-middle-class neo-puritans. His ads feature endorsements by Archibald Cox (of which more in a moment) and Ramsey Clark. One can easily imagine a sort of archetypal liberal Volkswagen, with a McGovern bumper sticker pasted over the old McCarthy bumper sticker from way back in 1968, and this year, inevitably, a Udall bumper sticker pasted over both. I notice that those stickers are never torn off the liberal Volkswagen. They remain, year in and year out, as emblems of conspicuous purity.

Udall is not as fey as Gene McCarthy was in 1968, and he is not a sick-savage moralist like McGovern. Udall has too much sense to issue statements praising the contented society of North Vietnam, and you cannot imagine Udall telling us, as McGovern did recently, that we had to bus schoolchildren in order to expiate the guilt of the Vietnam War. Mo Udall is not nuts; he is relaxed, angular, funny, and he tempers the moralistic wind to the shorn liberal lamb. But he is correct when, in telling audiences how to choose among Bayh, Harris, and Udall, he suggests that they go Eenie, Meenie, Minie . . . MO!

Though this has not been made explicit in the campaign, Udall's candidacy reflects an impulse among much of his

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constituency to have the weakest possible Presidency. The liberals who hated Johnson and Nixon resemble the conservatives who hated FDR, in that their hatred has become an animus directed against the institution of the Executive. In today's context, this animus has a manifest ideological content.

The liberalism of McCarthy, McGovern, and, now, Udall has little in common with the FDR-Truman-Kennedy-Johnson brand, and it emphatically does not emanate from the labor groups, farmers, ethnics, and growth economists of yesterday's liberal coalition. The older liberalism favored a strong—and, as they put it, "activist"—Presidency and a strong U.S. global presence.

The Udall stickers will remain on the Volkswagens until, some months hence, the next upper-middle-class neo-puritan candidate comes along

In sharp contrast, Udall liberalism reflects the world view of a "new class" of college-educated professional types, academics, intellectuals, managers, and mod businessmen.

The New Class does not look with favor on an activist global role for the U.S. The New Class is pro-Third World, and considers the U.S. inimical to it. As the influence of the old European powers disappears from the Third World, a power vacuum opens up. Into this vacuum step the new twentieth-century empires of Soviet Russia and China. The only countervailing influence has been the United States—and, in the U.S. political structure, it has been the Executive and not Congress that has had the flexibility and cohesion to contest the issue. In line with its ideology or mood, the New Class desires to veto U.S. participation in this global contest for power and influence, and—not least—for wealth and resources. Upper-middle-class economically, the New Class movement is not immediately concerned with the acquisition of wealth. They're all right, Jack. Not surprisingly, their favored presidential candidate is a member of the lower chamber from a small state who would be the weakest Chief Executive since Millard Fillmore.

It is of more than passing interest, therefore, that on January 25, down in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a number of individuals described by the press as "the nation's foremost legal and academic authorities" issued a report that urged drastic reductions in the power of the Presidency. Most particularly, Congress should assert its control over foreign policy. Translation: New Class preferences must prevail.

Chief spokesman for this group of "foremost legal and academic authorities" turned out to be none other than Raoul Berger, the Harvard professor who became an anti-presidential guru during the Watergate furor. Berger was quoted as asserting that "the President is only our man Friday." Udall fits the bill—and it is perfectly in keeping with this theme that he should have received a prominent boost from ex-Watergate prosecutor and leading neo-puritan Archibald Cox, also of Harvard and Cambridge, Massachusetts.

New Hampshire is a must for Udall. He has to show well here and in neighboring Massachusetts if he is to remain alive for his main hope, Wisconsin. In the final two weeks of the campaign, his field workers claimed to sense some movement in his direction. He has the usual student and upper-middle-class cadres working for him, and his personal campaign has been intensive. But the Udall campaign appeals to too small a slice of the general electorate—indeed, that is its *point*, symbolically speaking. The Udall stickers will remain on the Volkswagens until, some months hence, the next upper-middle-class neo-puritan candidate comes along.

III

Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana got into the race late and is already hurting financially. He apparently failed to understand the full meaning of the new federal campaign financing regulations. They entail an early start, lots of organizational preparation, and plenty of small contributors.

In New Hampshire, Bayh comes on as the quintessential all-American boy. He also has the help of his son, Evan, an Indiana University senior and a younger replica of old Birch. But despite his homespun charm, Bayh is so relentlessly liberal that the cumulative effect is vaguely depressing. He is so deadeningly earnest. Has this pleasant loaf of bread from Indiana ever had a thought that was not dictated by the Zeitgeist? It would not appear so. Bayh boasts about blocking the nomination of Clement Haynsworth for the Supreme Court, as if Haynsworth were self-evidently unqualified. Judge Haynsworth, in fact, was one of the more distinguished nominees in recent years. Bayh smilingly tells his beads: he sponsored the Equal Rights Amendment; he has blocked amendments against busing and abortion; he favors a guaranteed income; he is for

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Reagan wants the middle-class American to retain more of his income rather than less, and toward achieving that end he wants the taxpayer to increase his leverage over social spending

massive aid to Israel but also for cutting the military budget; he attacks the CIA and pollution; he favors greater central planning of the economy; if elected President, he would issue an executive order banning discrimination against gays in federal hiring.

Homespun.

For his exertions on the abortion front, moreover, Bayh has been singled out as the special target of anti-abortion demonstrators. At one Bayh rally in New Hampshire, a child bugler played taps throughout much of the evening. Bayh does not seem to know how to handle the issue. He blurts out that he, himself, does not think much of abortion. It becomes clear that he merely thought he was doing his duty to liberal orthodoxy, and is now surprised that he is running into trouble.

IV

FRED HARRIS' so-called populist campaign is a fraud. The only thing populist about it is Harris' personal style. His political content is straight liberal/radical chic, more in tune with moods found on Park Avenue and in Beverly Hills than among actual working people.

Thus: The Fred Harris campaign pulls into the northern New Hampshire paper-mill town of Berlin. This is a bleak place, way up in the mountainous north, and the people tend to be laconic. A Harris country combo strikes up the Woody Guthrie sentimental-populist number "This Land Is Your Land." That kind of thing might have gone over pretty well in the McGovern campaign at the University of Wisconsin, but among the Berlin pulp-mill workers it arouses no obvious emotion. Several of the mill workers wear Sargent Shriver buttons, which in some mysterious way penetrated these arctic regions, but they have the name "Shriver" scratched out and their own names written in instead. The Harris people distribute a 99-cent ham and bean supper, getting the local people into a sort of Depression-era soup line. It looks like the movie set for an early Dos Passos novel.

Portrait of Fred Harris, Neo-Populist: he has hanging, flopping jowls and a considerable gut. He parts his greasy-looking black hair in the middle. He speaks in an Oklahoma twang with an evangelical lilt: "The people who have to work in this country are entitled to have someone speak for them." He likes to use the word "crap" in his oratory. He will not tell the people a lot of it. After his speech in Berlin, he mixes easily and downs a couple of beers.

That is about where the "populism" ends. Fred Harris' positions are hardly populist ones, and he could hardly be more remote from the emotions of ordinary people. He is: for busing, for "affirmative action" quotas in hiring and in education, for amnesty, for abortion, for gay rights, for the food stamp program, for day-care centers, for defense cuts. All those are upper-middle-class themes but Harris delivers them country-style. Naturally, Harris—like Henry Jackson—attacks the oil companies, but the total Harris package is about as populist as Leonard Bernstein.

Still, the Harris candidacy does exist. It exists because it has a constituency. That constituency does not live in the pulp-mill town of Berlin, New Hampshire. Harris is not the working man's candidate. Rather, he is in the business of merchandising stylistic thrills for middle-class parlor *enragés*. Fred Harris is the *kitsch* Marat.

V

BY THE TIME Ronald Reagan's campaign moved into high gear, shortly after the first of the year, the mercury in the thermometer had fallen like a stone to the bottom of the tube and stayed there. Nights of twenty below were commonplace, and when you tried to open your car door in the morning it sounded as if the metal would break. The weekend before one major Reagan appearance, I was up north at Jay Peak, Vermont for a ski race and the temperature at night was 45 below. Somewhere between Jay and the Pole northern lights streaked across the sky. Reagan must have felt a long way from Pacific Palisades, California.

The candidate's first swing took him through vintage Robert Frost country—small towns like Conway and Salem, with their general stores, town halls, and white churches. The evident plan was to exhibit Reagan for the media amid these attractive "typical New England" settings and also get the bugs, if any, out of his approach before tackling the larger centers of population.

As a campaigner, Reagan performed well on his first swing, moving energetically from one town to another, bundled in a ski parka but often hatless in the cold. Unlike any of the other candidates, Reagan is a celebrity as well as a politician, and his progress through the days of campaigning therefore generates a special electricity. It goes without saying that he is an immensely able speaker, some think the best off-the-cuff stump speaker since Theodore Roosevelt.

In his initial foray into New Hampshire, however, Reagan developed what appeared to be a serious tactical problem: his proposal to cut some $90 billion out of the federal budget, lower federal taxes accordingly, and permit the states to pick up and finance the canceled programs if they wished to do so. The Ford people in New Hampshire instantly

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countered that this plan would lead to a state income tax, sales tax, or both—burdens long avoided by the state's fiscally conservative voters.

To be sure, there was a nice irony in the fact that the "moderate" Republicans backing Ford were making precisely that attack. They tended to be the same New Hampshire politicians who for years had been trying to institute a state income tax, only to be beaten back by conservatives like Governor Meldrim Thomson, a Reagan backer.

FROM THE standpoint of *Times*man Tom Wicker, the $90-billion proposal constituted a "signal weakness" for Reagan. Wicker thought it would be "as damaging to him as George McGovern's inexplicable $1,000 'Demogrant' scheme was to him in 1972."

Private polls taken by the Reagan camp, however, were telling a different story. A national sample broke 59 to 31 in favor of the Reagan plan. By 67 to 19, state government was considered more responsive than federal.

At virtually every stop on his initial swing through New Hampshire, Reagan was in for sharp questioning on the $90-billion plan, and as he left the state to head south he appeared to be on the defensive. At the very least, it looked as if the controversial scheme would dominate the campaign to the exclusion of all other issues. [See also "Don't Let Them Bamboozle You, Mr. Reagan," p. 268.]

During the two weeks following that first visit, however, the situation changed remarkably, and when Reagan returned during the first week in February he faced very few questions about the $90 billion. In part, this may have been because Reagan began to reshape the proposal a bit, or at least clarify it. State taxes need not rise, he explained, because funds raised at the federal level would be returned to the states to finance whatever programs were desired. And, while aggressively affirming the general principle involved, Reagan let it be understood that the details were subject to negotiation.

Fundamentally, however, Reagan got off the defensive here because of the way public perception of the plan evolved. It is important to recognize just why McGovern's Demogrant plan proved to be a political disaster in 1972. The problem was not so much that McGovern proved vague about the costs or wavered in his defense of the scheme. All that did not help, of course, but the real damage was done by the signal given to the public about McGovern's fundamental intentions.

The public instantly grasped the point that McGovern wanted to redistribute middle-class income downward. Most American voters consider themselves middle-class, they find themselves hard-pressed to pay their bills, and the last thing they desired was a scheme to shift some of their income to beneficiaries favored by McGovern.

Reagan's proposal, however, sends out very different signals. Even as media commentary remained bogged down in one or another aspect of it, the public perceived that Reagan wants the middle-class American to retain more of his income rather than less, and toward achieving that end he wants the taxpayer to increase his leverage over social spending. When Reagan says "transfer control of the program to the state level," that easily translates into "abolish the program if you so desire."

VI

ON THE AFTERNOON of February 5, Ronald Reagan's campaign took him to the small mid-New Hampshire town of Lebanon, and also to a peculiar and perhaps significant incident. The candidate was to address a crowd assembled in the town firehouse, and Norris Cotton, former senator and the grand old man of New Hampshire Republican politics, was introducing him. Cotton—a dour, formidable figure in a black hat and black overcoat—is running

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as a delegate pledged to Ford. He is the honorary chairman of the Ford campaign in New Hampshire. Yet, introducing Reagan, he did just about everything but come out and endorse him.

"For many years," said Cotton, "I've had great respect and great admiration for Governor Reagan. He's not only a tower of strength in the party to which I belong, but he's also my kind of fellow. Governor Reagan, should he become our standard bearer, is a man I can support with every possible enthusiasm."

REAGAN HAS NOT been a divisive campaigner in New Hampshire. He adheres strictly to his Eleventh Commandment ("thou shalt not speak ill of another Republican"). But he is also cool. He does not come across as a fanatic or a zealot or any sort of extremist, and when Elliot Richardson, campaigning for Ford, claimed that he would be "worried" —code word—by a Reagan Presidency, the notion seemed to have next to no resonance.

February 5, 8 P.M. Reagan is scheduled to speak in Thompson Arena, Dartmouth's stunning new facility (designed by Nervi) for hockey, basketball, rock concerts. Subzero weather, but across the street crowds converging on Thompson pass another Nervi dome, behind the green-tinted glass sides of which students in tee-shirts and shorts are playing indoor tennis on green composition courts. The tennis players look as if they are inside an enormous aquarium. The effect is one of surrealistic luxury. Marvelous. But one wonders whether these may not be the playing fields on which the battles of the American empire are being lost.

Outside Thompson Arena, representatives of the People's Bicentennial Commission stand beside stacks of hand-lettered posters: "Reagan for the Fat Cats"; "Reagan Is a Corporation Tool"; "Reagan Sucks." The posters are crudely lettered to suggest spontaneity. Anyone willing to wave one can have one. Inside, PBC groups have arrived early and occupied the first three rows, thus giving their placards maximum TV visibility—and the camera crews readily oblige.

Inside, a large and rather volatile crowd has assembled. Reagan strides to the microphone briskly, smiling and waving, looking—the observation is inevitable—a dozen years younger than he actually is. He walks with assurance, but his opening gambit suggests that he is a bit wary in these academic surroundings. He says: "As General Custer said, don't take any prisoners." This may or may not be an allusion to Dartmouth's Indian symbol, which the college administration has made an attempt to suppress.

Reagan speaks eloquently for about fifteen minutes. He touches deftly on his familiar themes of big government and the need for leadership. He has a number of applause-getting lines, and he warms up the crowd: "It's time America stopped trying to be loved and started trying to be respected."

After the speech, Reagan is questioned, first by a panel of students and then by the general audience. No, he doesn't like apartheid—some jeers—but as long as we don't ostracize a country like the Soviet Union he sees no reason to ostracize South Africa. He reels off facts and figures about his performance in California. He does not receive a single question about his plan to transfer federal programs to state control, the Ford supporters now feeling that the proposal is a plus for Reagan. He receives a surprising number of questions about nuclear power plants, and seems surprisingly well informed on that subject.

IN THE emotional high-point of the evening, the People's Bicentennial Commission comes out of the closet. Reagan has answered several PBC questions when, suddenly, he says: "Now, I've been answering a lot of your questions and for a change I'd like to ask you one." He quotes the famous sentence written by PBC founder Jeremy Rifkin about the tactical need to link Jefferson, Paine, and Benjamin Rush with modern revolutionaries like Mao, Lenin, and Che Guevara. "Do you agree with that?" Reagan asks. He receives his answer even as he is framing the question. The PBC people cheer loudly as the names of the Communist heroes ring through the arena. "I'm disappointed," says Reagan. "I don't associate those Americans with the genocide and the dungeon states brought about by Lenin and the others." This counter-punching with the PBC draws applause and cheers, and Reagan must be delighted to have so vulnerable an antagonist to score off.

On the way out of the arena, a state-level Democratic politician grabs my arm and, gesturing with his head toward Reagan, says: "He's got the state sewn up."

(Continues on page 285)

Animal Farm—*Jimmy Carter in New Hampshire as seen by Dartmouth cartoonist Ted Wills*

HI, I'M GOVAHNAH PEANUT. WOULD YOU BELIEVE MAH SUB SINGLEHANDEDLY SANK THE ENTIRE JAP FLEET?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE 10 DESTROYERS? HOW ABOUT A SEGREGATED LIFEBOAT?
THE SOUTH SHALL SURFACE AGAIN
NOW, ABORTION— THAT THEAH IS A TRICKY QUESTION. A GOOD QUESTION, TOO. I'M VERY GLAD YOU ASKED IT. NEXT?
LES MADDOX? WHY ALL THROUGH OUR LONG FRIENDSHIP I MEANT TO TELL HIM WHAT A STINKER HE WAS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN—NOT UP TO IT? MAH HEARING AID WORKS, DON'T IT? AH CAN STILL SNARL WITH THE BEST OF 'EM!
WILLS

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THE FIRST $90 BILLION

Don't Let Them Bamboozle You, Mr. Reagan

JUDE WANNISKI

RONALD REAGAN'S PROPOSAL to cut $90 billion from federal expenditures is much better than he thinks it is.

It's clear he only partially understands its merits, for if he fully understood them he wouldn't now be backing away from the proposal, dropping the specific dollar amount, and talking about feasibility studies.

Too bad. Mr. Reagan is permitting himself to be bamboozled by his political opponents, who turned loose a barrage of ridicule at the idea and shook the confidence of the candidate and his staff. They couldn't even believe their own public-opinion polls, which show that at the grass roots the proposal is understood and approved. Even in New Hampshire, where the Washington crowd was certain the Reagan plan would be impossible to sell, *Newsweek*'s pollsters found majority GOP approval and even the Democrats divided evenly.

The reason the people like the plan and the Washington crowd ridicules it is that the people have given up on Keynesian economics and Washington still hasn't. Mr. Reagan may or may not be as good as the plan. But from an ivory tower grounded in the grass roots of classical economics, the idea of cutting $90 billion from federal expenditures is theoretically flawless. Unlike the McGovern $1,000 "Demogrant," which was not only heterodox but zany, the original Reagan plan is thoroughly orthodox, as is evidenced by the editorial reprinted here from the *Wall Street Journal*.

Upon the advice of his political staff, though, it wound up being presented in a Keynesian framework. Where it should have been promoted as a plan to cut present and future taxes by $90 billion, which is what it in fact would do, it was instead put forth as a method of turning federal programs over to local governments.

It's no wonder he got snarled up explaining the plan, for in advancing it as a transfer program he had to deal with such questions as: Are the programs to be cut any good? Will the states pick them up? If they don't, will people be thrown out in the snow? And if the states do pick them up, won't state taxes have to be raised? And why is Mr. Reagan so sure that states can run programs more efficiently than the feds? A can of worms.

In debating on their turf, the Keynesians can win all these arguments, for in the Keynesian mode, if $90 billion in spending is cut, not only must $90 billion in taxes be cut simultaneously, but the tax cuts must fall only on consumption, not savings; that is, must benefit primarily the poor, who spend most of their income, not the rich, who save. And if federal taxes are not cut simultaneously in this fashion, state and local governments must pick up all the cut programs and finance them with new taxes on savings, not consumption, or a depression will result. Charles Schultze and other Keynesians at the Brookings Institution have predicted depression if the Reagan plan were somehow adopted.

The Keynesian Mode

Mr. Reagan's original plan called for a $23-billion tax cut, a $62-billion reduction in government borrowing, a balanced budget, and a $5-billion reduction in the national debt. In the Keynesian world, the only way this would not lead to disaster is if states picked up all the programs, financing them with either taxes on savings or state and local borrowing. And state and local management would have to be more efficient or people would be "thrown out in the snow."

Mr. Reagan was also a sitting duck for President Ford. Of course, for Mr. Ford and his people to criticize the plan, they also have to climb into the Keynesian framework, which is not hard to do because Mr. Ford is surrounded by conservative Keynesians.

Consider the following passage from the President's Council of Economic Advisors: "At the present time, with substantial reserves of labor and capacity available, consumption and investment are complements, not substitutes. Indeed, public expenditures in excess of tax receipts are needed to absorb the excess of private saving over private investment demand at current levels of economic activity."

Behind this economic jargon is the Keynesian idea that took hold in the 1930s, the notion that unemployment results when people with money save it instead of spending it. This is a lovely idea on which politicians can base policy: i.e., tax the money away from the people who are saving it and give it to the people who will spend it. Or borrow it from them and give it to people who will spend it, and pay off the borrowings by increasing future taxes. When it was tried, the depression only deepened.

Still, whether he knows he's a Keynesian or not, President Ford finds it politically convenient to use this reasoning in attacking Mr. Reagan's $90-billion plan, suggesting that terrible things would happen to the economy if the plan were implemented. He can point to governors, bureaucrats, and journalists as agreeing with him, because anybody who is anybody learned the Keynesian gospel according to Professor Samuelson in his Ec. 1 textbook.

Fortunately, the public at large does not react according to Professor Samuelson's textbook. Indeed, according to published reports, the current crop of college students is getting less of it, their teachers having grown weary of trying to explain why a theory that works in theory fails in practice.

Mr. Reagan would have much less difficulty if he presented his idea in the classical mode, which Americans instinctively understand because it has been around for 200 years and always works when tried. He need only address himself to the economic effect of cutting $90 billion in federal outlays, and the Keynesian questions answer themselves.

He could begin by telling his audi-

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ences he knows as well as they do that all government spending must be financed through taxes, current taxes or future taxes. If $90 billion is spent by the government, that amount must now or later come out of our hides in taxes. When a citizen votes on a local bond issue, he explicitly makes a judgment on the anticipated present and future benefits of the project to be financed against the present and future taxes that will be necessary to pay off the bonds.

Classical Unwinding

If $90 billion is cut from spending, taxpayers can keep, spend, or invest $90 billion more of what they earn. Mr. Reagan is perfectly free, and would be correct, to propose a simultaneous cut in tax rates to produce a $90-billion reduction in tax revenues at the national income level. Or, he could propose no cut in tax rates and simply let government borrowing fall by the full $90 billion. Or, he could do what he did: combine a tax cut with a reduction in borrowing.

In any combination, the economic effect is roughly the same, as if the voters of the United States turned thumbs down on a $90-billion bond issue. Management and labor would instantly have $90 billion more in after-tax present and future income. The incentive to divide that cake would be enormous, and the nation's resources would become fully employed in the effort. Interest rates would drop like a stone, private housing construction would be off to the races, and, as national income leaped ahead, revenues would flow into federal, state, and local treasuries. In the classical mode, lower tax *rates* will bring higher revenues even as social needs shrivel. State and local governments would not have to face the Keynesian questions raised earlier; for those social demands that remain, there will be increased revenues, yielded without raising state and local tax rates.

It is only an unwinding of what the Keynesians have wrought. Is there a needy family in Manchester, New Hampshire? The feds say there is, and tax a family in St. Paul to provide support. The higher federal taxes in St. Paul discourage production there, creating another needy family. The feds then tax Manchester to support the needy family in St. Paul. Back and forth the government goes, taxing and spending and creating needy families. All the while the public is told more programs are needed to get at the root of the problem.

Almost all federal social programs approximate this pattern. In government housing, Washington has gone back and forth so often between Manchester and St. Paul—taxing one to subsidize housing for the other, and vice versa—that there is now almost no housing built in the United States without government subsidy of one kind or another.

The government "jobs" programs are the most transparent in their deception, when production in Chicago is taxed to pay for a leaf-raker in New York, making it less profitable to do business in Chicago and creating unemployment, making it necessary to tax production in New York to hire leaf-rakers in Chicago.

Out of the Snow

As for the Keynesian assertion that a $90-billion cut would mean depression, consider that federal spending dropped by the current equivalent of $250 billion between 1945 and 1947, yet national income charged ahead. The private sector converted from wartime to peacetime, provided jobs for the millions of demobilized servicemen, and defied the predictions of the Keynesians that unemployment would hit ten million without an increase in jobs programs. All that was necessary was a steep cut in the wartime tax rates and an incredibly wise decision by President Truman, who told the bureaucrats to settle all war contracts by taking companies at their word; if he hadn't, conversion would have been delayed for years in the red tape and tax courts.

There was nothing wrong with the original Reagan plan except Reagan's willingness to defend it on the opposition's terms. If it were somehow enacted, nobody would be thrown out in the snow. The economy would surge toward full employment. The needy, finally in demand by labor-hungry industry, would find themselves needed instead. And when the Keynesians start mumbling about an "overheated" economy and want to boost tax rates again, we'll all know it's time to cut another $90 billion. □

Now, Back to Fiscal Sanity

WE THINK IT PERFECTLY feasible for Congress to aim at a balanced budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1 next, and to attempt to achieve it by a vigorous reduction in expenditures. A clear prospect of budget balance so attained would help greatly to diminish whatever real or imagined need there may be for special employment compensation, monetary assistance to veterans, subsidy for small business, supported prices for farmers, or accelerated public works programs. It would even assist in the economic rehabilitation of other countries through greater commercial demand for their exports, a cooperation which we are too insistently told we must perform through large and plainly risky loans of public funds.

What the government doesn't spend it will not have to withdraw from the hands of citizens by taxing and borrowing. Income and bank deposits which citizens do not have to turn over to the government they will spend, either for consumables and services (labor) or for capital goods, which are made by employed wage workers. If tax reduction leaves greater possible profits to venturesome capital it will expand its venturing, buy more of commodities, and disburse larger payroll funds with which industrial workers will buy more of the farmer's foodstuffs, more clothing, and better housing.

All these results can flow from tax reduction and an end of insatiable government borrowing, but these latter conditions can only follow if an end is made of prodigious government spending. The key to industrial reconversion, to full employment in useful jobs and to tax relief as a means thereto is a simple one, a vigorous pruning of every variety of Treasury outlay and firm refusal to admit new varieties. —*Wall Street Journal, September 10, 1945*

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NEW YORK RETROSPECTIVE

The Leader as Mass Man

JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON JR.

SOME COHERENT account must be given of New York City's present convulsions. It is not enough to follow along as the journalists unravel, day by day, the sordid manipulations and patchwork solutions. One searches for a *reason,* an underlying framework in which this recitation of human frailty makes some kind of sense.

At the outset, something has to be said about the values of public officials. In New York City, revenue and expense figures have been distorted for years in order to preserve the appearance of a balanced budget, when those in charge must have known the truth. Bonds were sold to pay operating costs, and it was obvious that those debts would some day have to be paid. The salaries and pensions of public employees were increased enormously, while the City assumed a staggering burden of welfare costs. The rationalizations for these public policies were well known. But what were the underlying motivations? Assuming that even politicians must be capable of realizing that no one can borrow forever without either repaying the debt or defaulting, why did they burden the City's future so recklessly? At the most superficial level, the answer lies in the politician's endemic need to please the greatest number in the shortest time. In the tradition of Willy Loman, he wants to be well-liked. As a nation of salesmen, we have learned to sell today and let the man with the green eyeshade worry tomorrow about the cost of the goods being sold.

There is, however, a more interesting and fundamental context in which this question can be considered: Ortega y Gasset's theory of "the rebellion of the masses." Ortega, whose work on this subject appeared forty years ago, used the term "mass man" loosely to describe all those who lack values, ideals, discipline, and the qualifications for responsible citizenship. The distinction is not one of social class. There are highly disciplined and talented laborers, just as there are many purported "leaders" who are wholly unqualified—for example, the urban "pseudo-intellectual," who was the particular object of Ortega's scorn. The mass man (of whatever social class) feels most comfortable when he identifies himself wholly with the others in his own group. He dislikes accepting responsibility, and is unwilling to risk the displeasure of his peers. In addition, he demands as a matter of right what others have achieved only through ability and long effort.

While the supremacy of the masses has always been a fact of life, especially in the United States (where, in contrast to Europe, there has never been an hereditary aristocracy), the real implications of mass politics did not make themselves felt until the architects of the New Deal and their spiritual successors combined pragmatic philosophy and egalitarian ideals with a modern, politically attractive leveling device—the graduated income tax. The terrible consequences of this combination are only now becoming apparent. It has thus taken Americans a little longer to appreciate the significance of Ortega's theory than it did the educated Europeans of the Thirties, surrounded as they were by the mass movements of Fascism and Communism. I want to explore some of the aspects of Ortega's theory (with some interpolations of my own), in order to illuminate the political crisis that we face today.

According to Ortega, there are certain functions (e.g., governing) that cannot be properly performed without special qualifications. In prior centuries, these functions were exercised by qualified minorities. The nineteenth-century concept of liberal democracy required a certain degree of discipline because it was founded upon a philosophical conception of the dignity of the individual and respect for law. It was still believed that democracy was not incompatible with the search for excellence. Accordingly, politicians could be democrats and simultaneously exercise genuine leadership. Today, on the other hand, Western democracies insist upon electing leaders who will satisfy the immediate desires of the voters. Ours is the politics of immediate gratification, without regard either to long-term consequences or to legality. (Thus pragmatism, which emphasizes immediate results and denigrates concern for legality, has been the prevailing philosophy of twentieth-century America.) The elementary practice of balancing a budget, for example, has apparently required a degree of discipline and responsibility which New York City's leaders have been incapable of exercising. Fiscal responsibility would have obliged them to postpone or deny a benefit that some group of constituents wanted—increases in salaries, pensions, welfare, or whatever.

The Forgotten Past

Since neither the mass man nor his leaders have any sense of history, it is impossible for them to temper their impulsiveness with lessons from the past. The dissociation of past from present is a critical fact in the psychosocial history of the twentieth century. Every possible classical model or norm of conduct has been forgotten. The past has simply been turned into a *tabula rasa* on which the needs of today are to be inscribed. Nor do the mass man and his leaders consider the long-range consequences of the policies they support, since to do so would require the discipline of scientific procedures and the comprehension of mathematical and predictive techniques. The liberal politician is, above all, a man of today. The future is left for the next mayor—and the next generation of taxpayers—to worry about.

Ortega pointed out two characteristics of mass man that are particularly important today: an enormous expansion in his desire for material satisfactions, and a refusal to accept any responsibilities or obligations toward the system that makes possible the improvement of his standard of living. Ortega employs the image of the spoiled child, whose desires are virtually unlimited since they have always been

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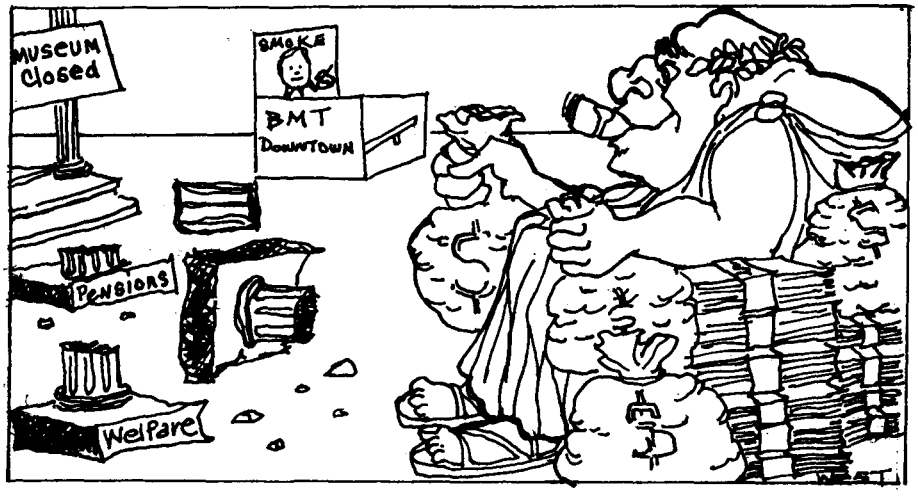
gratified. The crucial point is that everyone is considered to have rights, but no one has obligations. In New York City, every spokesman for some interest group that in the past had benefited from the City's largesse has been outraged at the idea of a budgetary restriction affecting his group. As Ortega said, modern man no longer has any sense of his own limitations, or of the need to appeal to any standard or authority beyond himself. The mass man closes himself off from all those who are unlike himself; he refuses to listen. (In contrast, the man of excellence—classical man—was constantly aware of his own inadequacies and sought to judge himself in accordance with an external ideal or standard.)

The absence of standards and the



absence of obligations are two ways of stating the same point. Obviously, no one is obliged to respect a non-existent standard; nor does the concept of a standard (or norm or value) have any meaning if one has no duty to obey it. What standards and principles have been accepted and followed by the last three mayors of New York City? The question sounds facetious. No one ever dreams of asking it. Yet the answer is obvious. The principle followed is that of immediate gratification of the most insistent demand. The only obligation, unfortunately, is the obligation of the taxpayers to bear the burden at some future time.

How is it possible that a civilization can survive without responsible leadership and without any principle of public policy other than that of submitting to the blackmail of the most vocal and best organized groups, thereby necessitating vast increases in taxation and spending? The example of the Roman Empire should come immediately to mind, but it has apparently been forgotten. The Empire was destroyed by the following combination of circumstances: a crippling tax structure that sapped the economic vitality of the provinces; burdensome governmental regulations, including rigid price controls administered by a mammoth bureaucracy; a professional army in which most ordinary citizens did not participate, and which was constantly engaged in foreign adventures; the appeasement of the Roman mob by "bread and circuses"; and the erosion of traditional moral standards. (Gibbon added to the list of causes the deleterious effect of Christianity on the Roman spirit, but the sudden emergence of the Christian religion was probably an effect rather than a cause of the disintegration of classical civilization.) All of these elements should appear frighteningly familiar, at least to those Americans who have retained some measure of historical sense.

Signs of Decay

Even the superficial manifestations of civilization make it clear that much damage has been done already. Libraries and museums in New York City are closing or curtailing their hours. Urban transportation costs are escalating. The flight to the suburbs will undoubtedly increase as city residents quite correctly foresee a substantial diminution of vital services. It is a matter of elementary logic that, given a steady or shrinking economic base, the City could not subsidize a massive immigration of people who were either unwilling or unable to work; nor could the City sustain increases in salaries and pensions for urban employees, while at the same time continuing to support the institutions upon which its cultural supremacy has always rested. Elementary logic, however, is not a characteristic strength of liberal politicians.

The more fundamental qualities of civilization have also suffered. Ordinary human courtesy and manners—the very basis of civilized life—have all but disappeared in the urban wilderness. The protection of life and property—the chief end of civil government, according to Locke—is not, apparently, a matter of the highest priority in New York City. The problem is that we have elected as our leaders men who do not understand the principles of civilization, and therefore are incapable of taking the appropriate steps to preserve those principles. They are rootless men, caught up in an incessant search for novelty and a fetishistic attachment to the insignias of revolution and poverty.

In law, the failure to consider the inevitable consequences of one's actions is called recklessness, and is often the basis for civil and even criminal liability. But this principle is almost never applied to politicians. In classical times, there was retribution against politicians who betrayed their trust, whether through dishonesty or cowardice or negligence. Actions for which public officials could be prosecuted included injuries to the public fisc through neglect or incompetence. Mass leaders today do not expect to be punished for deceiving the public or for extravagant mismanagement—and in fact they are not punished, unless (like Nixon and his associates) they happen to incur the displeasure of the makers of mass opinion. The "Watergate morality" seems to work in one direction only. The "true friends of the people" are exempt from following the rules.

It is a characteristic of mass men and mass leaders that they cannot accept the blame for their own failures: again, the psychology of the spoiled child. Since the immediate fulfillment of every desire is considered a right, and the technical possibility of fulfillment is assumed, the failure to achieve a goal must be attributed to some public enemy or foreign devil. The consequences of an excess of expenditures over revenues, year after year, are self-evident to any student of elementary economics. Yet the resulting fiscal crisis is variously blamed on the failure of "Washington" to subsidize New York City's profligacy, on the desire of Arabs to make a profit from the sale of oil,

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or on the unwillingness of bankers to lend more money to a municipality that has proven itself incapable of managing its own affairs. Similarly, when any social or economic problem appears, the mass man is unwilling to resolve it himself, but instead calls upon the government, with its seemingly unlimited means. In this manner, responsibility becomes anonymous and communal rather than individual. For example, the problem of poverty can be "solved" by having the government fix a minimum wage. If this increases unemployment, then the government can increase unemployment benefits. All of these solutions move in the direction of mass largesse and governmental manipulation. Every aspect of life becomes increasingly bureaucratized. Ortega referred to this development as "*la estatificación de la vida.*"

False Promises

The mass man sees himself surrounded by industrial techniques, scientific processes, prodigious inventions, and marvels of systems engineering capable of putting men on the moon. He expects this technology to improve the quality of his life, but fails to understand that this and other achievements of any civilization are tenuous and precarious. The final stage of the rebellion of the masses is mass violence, which in turn leads to barbarism and the destruction of all civilization. Fortunately, we have not yet reached that stage. But a continuation of the politics of the Great Society, promising material security for everyone at no cost, will surely lead to disillusionment, despair, and revolt, either by the purported beneficiaries when they discover that the promises were false, or by the productive classes who will some day refuse to support all the rest.

In the end, the blame for irresponsible public policies must be placed on political leaders rather than on the people. No one can really blame someone for moving to New York to take advantage of welfare benefits in excess of what he could receive elsewhere. The number of such people was vastly increased by the demagoguery of politicians who promised what they knew they could never, in the long run, deliver. The leaders became mass men themselves: by the very act of promising services, they generated a demand for them. Thus they became followers rather than leaders. It was an abdication of responsibility on a truly gigantic scale.

It is not without significance that the men who have been called upon to seek a solution to New York's difficulties have come from the field of business and finance. Businessmen, too, have often succumbed to the pressures of mass conformity, accepting government "bailouts" and subsidies as if they were entitlements and making illegal political contributions. However, unlike mass political leaders, businessmen have been trained to recognize an objective standard by which their actions are measured—specifically, the criterion of profitability. It is precisely this kind of built-in discipline that has been lacking in mass political leadership.

"New Realism"

The function of a leader is to lead, not to follow. The leader must try to restrain his constituents from extravagance rather than encourage them in it. Above all, he must remember that the first duty of civil society is to protect the lives and property of the people from destruction by internal and external barbarians. Without leadership, New York City will inevitably decline as a cultural and economic center.

One may argue that all of these characteristics are present in other cities, in the nation as a whole, even in Western civilization itself. Nevertheless, New York (like ancient Rome) is a step or two in advance of other communities, and its fate presages that of the larger society.

There are signs today that some political leaders, in New York and elsewhere, have discovered a "new realism." If, by this term, its proponents mean realism in the Burkean sense of restraint, caution, and reliance on practical experience, rather than in the conventional sense of what is politically palatable at the moment, we may witness an improvement in our political condition. Let us hope that this great city's difficulties will indeed bring a *genuine* sense of realism into our political life. □

Save the Dollar: Import Countries

If the U.S. should ever again be thinking of devaluing the dollar so that we'll be less likely to buy imported cars and travel abroad, we could do a lot better by ordering imported cars to be built in Detroit and foreign countries to be imported.

As Walt Disney did with Disneyland, the U.S. could do with Francelands, Italylands, Mexicolands, and so on: build them here. With the cooperation of the airlines that are not on strike, the U.S. would then offer 117 different fare structures to these lands, depending on length of stay, departure date, left-handedness, eye color, and toe size. This would give the tourist something with which to occupy his mind during the idle months before he takes off.

The fare, however, would always be $477.17 between any two points, such as Los Angeles and Franceland in downtown Burbank. This is because the planes, which depart only at 1:15 A.M., fly five hours out to sea and then five hours back to land, with tourists arriving properly sleepless, agitated, and without the foggiest idea of what time it is.

The tourist is met at Franceland by customs men, who paw through those of his bags that haven't been accidentally sent on to Italyland, which is in Houston. A surly cabdriver then takes him to the wrong hotel, which turns out to be okay because the right hotel claims that it never received his reservation. The haughty concierge then changes each of his dollars into 75 cents.

After two weeks of being guided around downtown Burbank, the tourist boards his plane at 3:45 A.M. for the ten-hour flight back to Los Angeles—loaded down with expensive souvenirs, and broke. After a month, his health and sanity return, and in two years he's out of hock again.

America hasn't lost a nickel and at the same time has broken up the insidious monopoly that foreigners now have by being the only ones to offer Americans the joys of traveling abroad.

—John Keefauver

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SCLC CONVENTION

Lacking: The Fire Last Time

J. G. CHANDLER

DRAGONS, you know, are not dead. They've just anthropomorphized into board chairmen, generals, and other barely human forms. Their aim, so the story goes, is genocidal, with malice toward most and charity toward none. Such was the consensus of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference at its last national convention, held in the small city of Anniston in northeastern Alabama.

It was in Anniston on Mother's Day in 1961 that the first freedom bus was burned. This, coupled with the political clout of two local SCLC leaders, brought an officially estimated 3,800 delegates (the figure appeared inflated) to the city to find ways of creating a "nonviolent economy," the theme of the conference. Animating and controlling the current "violent economy" is, of course, "The Man."

When asked just what constitutes a "violent economy," as opposed to the more peaceful, domesticated species, SCLC official Fred Taylor began: "This country has been predicated upon violence. It's violent to deny a person a job. It's violent to send a person to the moon to get a bunch of rocks so Jerry Ford can be re-elected. It's violent to have an economy based on wartime."

Apparently, Mr. Taylor is unaware that the last moon shot was in December 1972, several months before Mr. Ford became Vice President, much less started running for the Presidency. Still, the old standby, "Black children are starving while Whitey's on the moon," dies hard. They just don't make clichés like they used to.

One got an idea of what was to come during a luncheon for board and staff members. The keynote speaker for that first day said the United States should consciously move toward a social democracy of the Scandinavian type, and added that a good way to get there was to "quantify the rights of Black People so as to assure them."

Underpinning the rhetoric was a report from an economic task force. The report was presented to the delegates at a series of workshops, out of which a "constructive and relevant dialogue" was to emerge. The idea, however, didn't quite hang together. And the reason why it didn't says a lot about the structure and viability of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Joining the SCLC is like feeling Irish on St. Patrick's Day: anyone can join as long as he has the spirit. The movement is not given to dispassionate deliberation and there is no such thing as party discipline. Fellowship is favored over workshops, and consequently a lot of task force organizers found themselves talking to empty seats.

What the task force laid before those who stayed to listen was an introduction to something called "The Anniston Plan," which calls for an alternative to revenue sharing. The idea is to strip states and local communities of power over social programs by providing 100 per cent federal funding for all categorical programs whose non-federal share requirements are one-third or less. In addition, the plan calls for a five-year authorization of all existing categorical programs. The price tag would be between $14 and $30 billion.

LINKED to the alternative to revenue sharing was the endorsement of the Office of Economic Opportunity's successor, the Community Service Administration, as a vehicle for implementing the "nonviolent economy." This support for the CSA isn't surprising. It was largely from the ranks of black ministers that the first OEO administrators were chosen in the mid-Sixties. Black ministers *are* the SCLC. The transition from cleric to bureaucrat was a natural, with already established lines of authority and communication. This symbiotic situation, though diluted by the inflow of management and social science types, remains in force.

The theory behind the task force proposals was that there is a conspiracy on the part of corporations, the military, and the system in general to "get" the black man. They are guilty not of sins of omission, but of calculated moves, aimed at psychological and physical genocide. The paranoid mindset emerged in presentations by a black Muslim, an economist, and a medical doctor. The conclusion reluctantly reached was that the only champion able, though not worthy enough, to slay this WASPish Grendel was the Federal Government. The weapons would be economic. The result of a massive redistribution of income would be nothing less than paradise for all.

THAT's the program. But getting the movement to push it could be difficult. The loosely woven emotional fibers of the SCLC began to unravel after the assassination of its founder, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. The Reverend Jesse Jackson split off in 1971. Coretta King, although nominally a board member, appears estranged from Ralph Abernathy's sad-eyed leadership (she did not attend the convention), and firebrand Hosea Williams was in New York at the time of the Anniston meeting, discussing a book contract.

The leaders who are left have done their best to resurrect the spirit of Selma and the "March on Washington." It hasn't worked, and SCLC officials know it. Abernathy, who has to be the only man in the world who can make Hubert Humphrey seem taciturn, said that the "old drama" was missing. He longed for the "tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet," and said there would be another march on Washington—someday. The Reverend Martin Luther King Sr. said, "I've been worried about the SCLC."

The only time I can remember seeing Abernathy come alive during the four-day convention was when he bounded into the nearly empty City Auditorium where a film concerning ghetto crime was being shown. The sad eyes were luminous as he applauded the acquittal of Joanne Little. He asked those who were there to rise, link arms, and sing "We Shall Overcome." For a couple of minutes it was 1965 again. But only for a couple of minutes. □

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Sending the Sheriff

On Christmas Eve, 1974, at Mount Pleasant, Michigan, a sheriff's car, with siren wailing and colored lights blazing, pulled up at the residence of Mrs. Katherine Ux. Mrs. Ux was then a professor of art (about to retire) at Central Michigan University, and famous as a weaver and teacher of weaving; she had taught at Central for thirty years. She is a very mild lady, of conservative tastes, who suffers from diabetes. The coming of the police car disturbed her, and it disturbed her more when the deputy served her with a summons.

What had Mrs. Ux done? Why, a dreadful thing: she had declined to pay her assessment of $144 in "agency shop fee" to the Central Michigan University Faculty Association, a teacher's union which is an affiliate of the Michigan Education Association (affiliated, in turn, with that greedy lobby called the National Education Association). Mrs. Ux was not a member of the Faculty Association, and disapproved of the MEA's political activities. But the Faculty Association had obtained an agency-shop contract at CMU, and it was bound and determined to extract "fees" (the non-member's equivalent of dues) from every recalcitrant professor who wouldn't join the union. They started with Katherine Ux.

The mild-mannered Mrs. Ux fought the Faculty Association in the courts. She fought until January 1976, when at last a district court ruled against her and ordered her to pay that $144, plus court costs and lawyers' fees for both litigants. (Meanwhile, Professor Ux had retired from teaching, but the union meant to extract its pound of flesh, with a view to terrifying other academic obscurants.) At this writing, she still hasn't paid. The union now expects to be able to compel all dissidents to pay up; Mrs. Ux had impeded their exactions for more than a year. More than half the CMU faculty opposes the Faculty Association, but the powers that be in Michigan won't permit another union election until 1977. Until then, the Faculty Association will collect tribute from them all: the tyranny of the minority. Such, in several states, is the power of the teachers' unions, backed by statutes and courts.

For a mordant account of what ruthless unions of public employees have been doing to this country, read Mr. Ralph de Toledano's recent book *Let Our Cities Burn* (Arlington House). For a description of what these unions have done in the past, and may do again, read Mr. Francis Russell's recent book *A City in Terror: 1919—The Boston Police Strike* (Viking).

Toledano's study contains much information about the teachers' unions, the NEA and its affiliates in particular. As Toledano points out, the union zealots in the teaching profession have immense and arbitrary power over the minds of the rising generation. They've not burned any cities yet, but they seem to aspire to set the world on fire by indoctrinating the young.

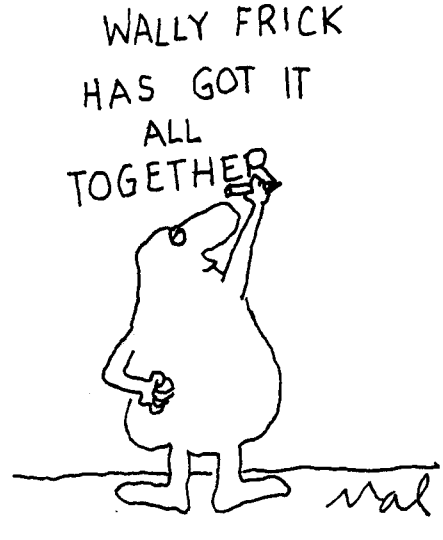
Yet the eagerness of the teachers' unions to capture minds is exceeded by their ardor for another object: money for themselves. The NEA and its state affiliates have created a big bureaucracy of their own, enormously well paid. That is why they mean to get the judge and the sheriff to extract Mrs. Ux's $144: that sum, multiplied by the hundreds of thousands of teachers, means wealth and power for the union bosses.

For these teachers' unions, Toledano writes, "the purpose of collective bargaining is to smash boards of education, to wrest from them their legal prerogatives, and to create a power base. . . . It is why, most chillingly, an NEA president felt no constraint about boasting that 'we will not be satisfied until we are the most powerful lobby in Washington'—adding, 'Within ten years, I think this organization will control the qualifications for entrance into the profession, and for the privilege of remaining in the profession.'"

To let a little cheerfulness break in, the teachers' unions have a harder row to hoe among colleges and universities than they do among elementary and secondary schools. In Michigan, MEA affiliates are dominant at only two or three state institutions of higher learning and at one private college (Adrian, a recent conquest; it is a tiny and declining old college to which MEA control may be the death-blow). At Hillsdale College, a conservative place, the MEA's "faculty association" was beaten in a recent election; it is worth noting that nearly all the active pro-union instructors at Hillsdale were people who had never obtained their doctoral degrees and presumably hoped that a triumphant union would freeze them into lifelong tenure, despite their lack of the doctoral requirement.

Also, there is increasing resistance by many courts to illegal strikes by teachers; and the voting public, which through state legislatures can take back the privileges that it gave to public employees, grows vexed with civil servants who aspire to become uncivil masters. Nor are the teachers' unions liked by the rank-and-file membership of genuine labor unions.

According to a past president of Central Michigan University, Katherine Ux did more, as teacher and artist, to attract favorable attention to CMU than did anybody else on the faculty. Perhaps that is why the union chose Mrs. Ux as its first victim at law: the typical teachers' union is a conspiracy of mediocrity against talent. Mrs. Ux says she will let the sheriff confiscate her household goods, rather than submit to this extortion. A few more such women, and we would be saved. □



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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Slums for the Insane—I

"Tell me, Mr. Hall—ah, can Peter control his bowels? Does he know about the toilet?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. It's just—when he's depressed like this, he doesn't keep too clean. At home, well, with the children around, I—"

"Of course. It isn't a healthy atmosphere for children. We'll give Peter a good home here, with people his own age."

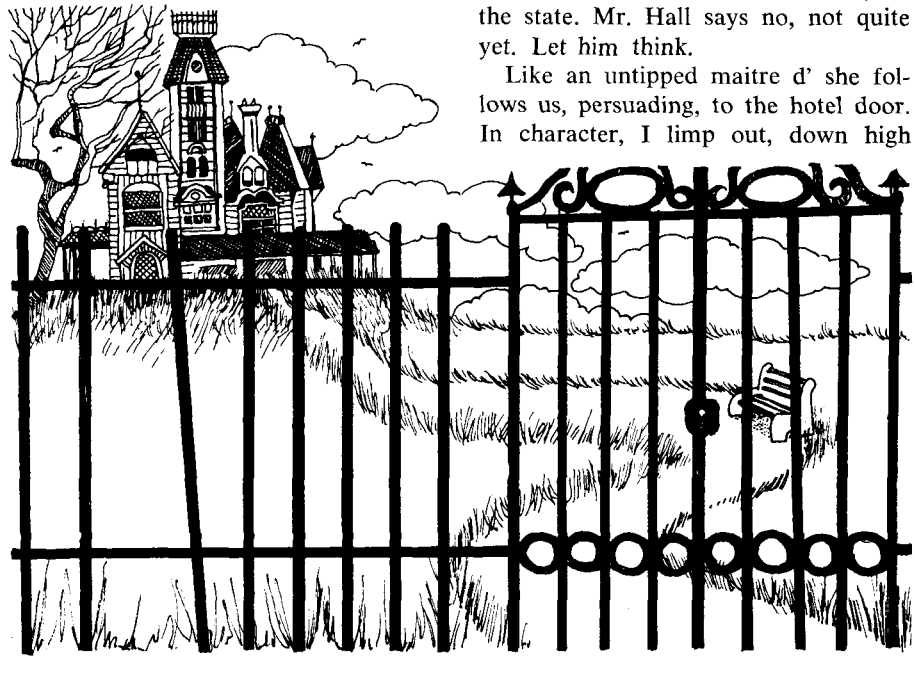
"But I can't afford $350 every month."

"Stop worrying. Why should you pay? This is foolishness, Mr. Hall. Do the blacks on welfare pay? No. The state will take care of everything."

I am Peter. You should see me: no, maybe you shouldn't. The pupils flick, gun-shy, yet unalert. I haven't shaved for three days. A bandage on my forehead seems grimy, not aseptic. With some art I've scrubbed grey/black X-pando Pipe Joint Compound into cheeks and neck, firmly into the hairline; it's beneath my fingernails, down my shirt front. By now the tobacco chaw has shredded. When I spit into a paper cup, brown leaves snag on my teeth. The trousers belong to someone five sizes larger and dead; as I walk one loose boot sole applauds, clap-clap. The right leg is game, hitching a free ride, and the right hand will rise, spastic, wrist curled under, when it wipes saliva off. I'd like to think this is my finest performance, better than Richard III or even Thersites. But it probably isn't: they want me to be insane; they've suspended disbelief, and willingly. Out in Long Beach mental patients are a business. They serve as legal tender. And the state will take care of everything.

They rock; they teeter. They jerk, doing a double-take—again, again—at the same unseen surprise. Arm, leg, head. One part of the body is a valve; energies flywheel out. Mental illness comes to lodge in the skin. They are all wan, lit by a sick and dim fluorescence. Many slump, bent into the smoke of their cigarettes. Others curse by rote: a single obscenity that answers to the drumming metabolic tempi. Peter can sense resentment. It whines, electric, in the air; yet it is unconsummated, drugged down perhaps, subdued. There should be a scream. Two old men totter past with hot coffee in plastic cups; the coffee slops on liver-specked knuckles. There should be a scream.

Poor Peter, he sees few people his own age here. We have been to four Long Beach "hotels": this is not better, not worse. Well over a hundred inmates wait in its big, footworn lobby. I have never known a waiting of such aggregate kinetic potential. Some are senior citizens unloaded by their impatient children; most seem to be psychiatric cases, indiscriminately, dangerously mixed in. The TV room is as capacious as an Eighth Avenue porn theater. Six dozen people wait in front of one sleety black and white screen. Sidelong, Peter watches them: not twenty eyes have found the TV screen. It's sitting-in-front that matters. And outside, just a hundred yards away, the ocean slouches, resentful, drugged down, waiting also, immeasurable as madness itself.



NEVER has my body been so lusted after by a woman. In the sad, bare bedroom—prices based on double occupancy—she tries to convince Mr. Hall (a friend named John and my "brother-in-law" today). It's strictly hard-sell. "Go ahead. Leave him. Run home and get his things. The Social Security people will check Peter out in a week or so—meanwhile he can have a free trial stay. Why should you shoulder this burden any longer?" Mr. Hall has slipped poor Peter an ironic, teasing glance or two. But Mr. Hall knows better: should he say yes, poor nonviolent Peter will dump tobacco down his neck. "You heard what the doctor said." True, Doctor X had high praise, but he turned out to be a chiropractor and, mid-praise, he busied himself working the hotel switchboard. "We have only three vacancies left, so you see our guests must be happy." Not just the guests. About 180 occupants at $350 per month: that's $756,000 a year, most of it paid by you, the state. Mr. Hall says no, not quite yet. Let him think.

Like an untipped maitre d' she follows us, persuading, to the hotel door. In character, I limp out, down high

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stairs, toward a hurrying car. Mr. Hall yanks me back. No hotel exit is under supervision. Approximately six hundred mental patients are free to cruise the streets of Long Beach. Soon Peter will approach a hotel on his own. He will not be stopped. Spitting, sliding my gawky leg along, I appropriate a chair. It's warm; I am accepted here. Across the way two guests have forged their soliloquies into an uncertain conversation. The woman remembers her lover, Joey Fay. The boy remembers his career as an Air Force pilot. They alternate, equal time is allowed, but words do not interact. Obsessed, these people are cunning enough not to credit another's obsession. It must be a lonely, segmented life when even the insane know you are insane.

Or is it? My head nods. I chew; I spit. The hotel is squalid, yes, but no deadlines, no mortgages have to be met. And, suddenly, this role-playing seems agreeable, real. I have been given sanctuary here. All at once I can understand why/how, in our tense society, minds just cut and run. For half an hour my vision does not report back: I am Peter, released. Then a man appears before me. His eyes flash, turned up to HIGH; his skin is the hue of things found growing in a cellar. One hand jerks. He has pointed to the coffee machine.

"You got a dime for two nickels?"

Keith would search or form apologies. Peter doesn't have to. Peter shows the man some of his chaw; Peter's eyelids are lazy, unreliable. And the man has a sneer on.

"Goddamned nut," he says.

There's nothing to be expected of Peter. Peter smiles. But his head is loose. It lolls, at ease. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Russian Food

When I am asked about Russian food, I can only say my experience is very limited. During *NR*'s one-week trip, with a few exceptions, we took our meals in the hotels where we were staying. Anybody who travels abroad with a group and thinks he will get delicious meals of local specialties is in for grief. Group food is planned to give the tourists something they will recognize and eat. It usually is overcooked and served almost cold. There is only a moderate incentive for restaurants or hotels to produce good food because the people who eat it are not apt to come back anyway.

All this applied to our food in the Russian hotels. It was strictly geared to Americans, with hardly any Russian specialties, except good borshch and a few hors d'oeuvres. Since Americans constantly talk about steak, or so at least foreigners think, we had "steak"

—anonymous cuts of meat of durable quality, frequently gristly, invariably dull, but edible. This came with cold potatoes, some cabbage, or carrots, all very dull. The first courses were *zakuski* (appetizers): good smoked sturgeon, smoked salmon, meat salad, sliced cold cuts. There were no salads or green vegetables, either fresh, frozen, or canned. Fresh produce is practically nonexistent in winter in Moscow or Leningrad, which rely on the farmers' markets. There is a city of greenhouses outside Leningrad growing vegetables, nowhere near an even modest sufficiency for that large city. The constant green garnish was green onions. Dessert consisted almost always of vanilla ice cream which is very pure and creamy, and apparently free of preservatives. Russians have a passion for ice cream; even in the middle of the winter we saw street vendors, and I am told that there are some magnificent ice cream parlors. Breakfast consisted of some juice (apple juice mainly), excellent dark bread (not black, but brown), very good butter, very good pure fruit jam, and either salami or boiled eggs, both good. Once or twice we had little hot, jam-filled potato puffs.

We seldom had caviar at hotel meals, but ate it in restaurants and on the Russian plane. Many of the group thought it a nasty foreign food, to the delight of those who love it, like myself. Fresh black caviar costs about as much as inferior caviar in New York, about $4 per ounce; red caviar costs $10. You can also buy Danish beer, Scotch, wine, and vodka in the dollar stores, and we all bought much of the latter, at about half what imported Russian vodka costs in New York. Some of the best Russian vodka is not exported, alas. Altogether it is a magnificent drink, which by contrast makes American vodka even more obviously utilitarian. However, among the flavored vodkas, I think Russian lemon vodka awful—tasting of an artificial concentrate—and pepper vodka too much. As for wine, I drank only white, which tasted like a mild, inoffensive chablis. I have had better Russian wines in America, but what stopped me there was my inability to read the labels in the Cyrillic alphabet. The champagne is very sweet and rather like pop; the Russian love for sweet champagne is historic, and, in olden days, all the French champagne makers produced special "*cuvées Russes*."

Invariably, on the dining tables, there was an array of bottles with fruit-flavored soda pop, much beloved by Russians, and kvass, the traditional mildly fermented drink made of rye bread; it is a sort of mini-beer. You can make it at home, as I frequently do, and use it in borshch in lieu of broth. It is a much better borshch, and I will give the recipe to anybody who writes for it.

The tour included a dinner at the famous Sadko restaurant in Leningrad. The occasion was festive and looked festive, with champagne bottles (whose plastic tops pop loudly) on the table, an orchestra and corny singers in Russian folk costume, and a good meal. But again, after the salmon appetizer and the borshch, the meat was steak, to please Americans. As for the meal we ate in a Moscow restaurant, it was completely overshadowed in my memory by the Kremlin museum and churches, which we had visited earlier that day.

After the opera, some of us had caviar and blini in another tourist restaurant, and that was one of the two or three occasions where I saw sour cream—again the catering to American

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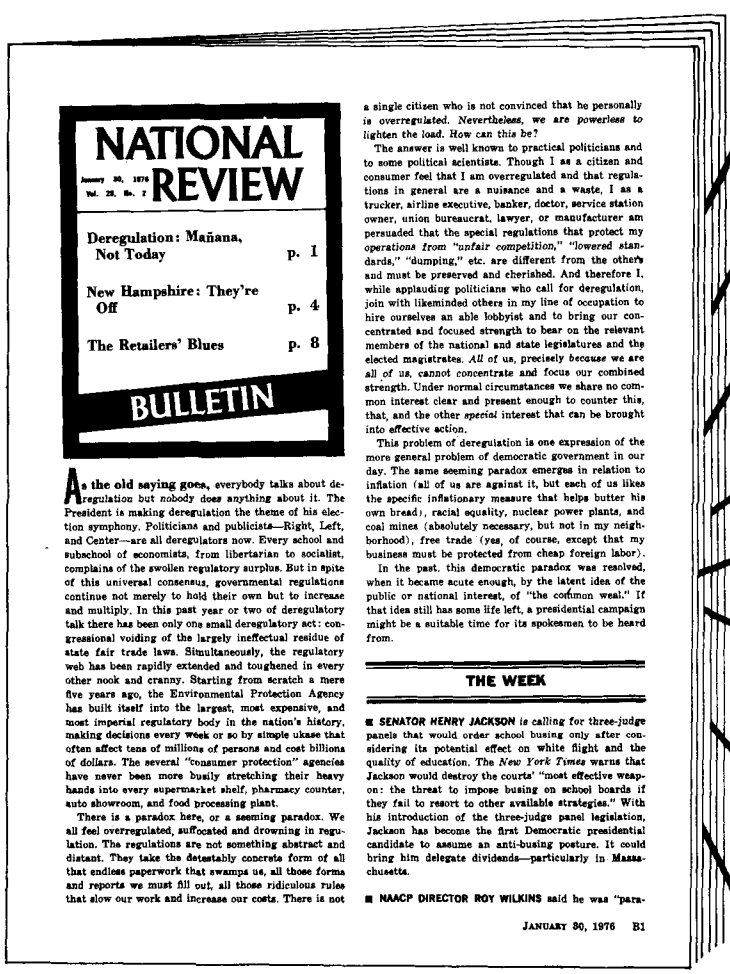

NATIONAL REVIEW

January 30, 1976 Vol. 28, No. 1

Deregulation: Mañana, Not Today p. 1

New Hampshire: They're Off p. 4

The Retailers' Blues p. 8

BULLETIN

As the old saying goes, everybody talks about deregulation but nobody does anything about it. The President is making deregulation the theme of his election symphony. Politicians and publicists—Right, Left, and Center—are all deregulators now. Every school and subschool of economists, from libertarian to socialist, complains of the swollen regulatory surplus. But in spite of this universal consensus, governmental regulations continue not merely to hold their own but to increase and multiply. In this past year or two of deregulatory talk there has been only one small deregulatory act: congressional voiding of the largely ineffectual residue of state fair trade laws. Simultaneously, the regulatory web has been rapidly extended and toughened in every other nook and cranny. Starting from scratch a mere five years ago, the Environmental Protection Agency has built itself into the largest, most expensive, and most imperial regulatory body in the nation's history, making decisions every week or so by simple ukase that often affect tens of millions of persons and cost billions of dollars. The several "consumer protection" agencies have never been more busily stretching their heavy hands into every supermarket shelf, pharmacy counter, auto showroom, and food processing plant.

There is a paradox here, or a seeming paradox. We all feel overregulated, suffocated and drowning in regulation. The regulations are not something abstract and distant. They take the detestably concrete form of all that endless paperwork that swamps us, all those forms and reports we must fill out, all those ridiculous rules that slow our work and increase our costs. There is not a single citizen who is not convinced that he personally is overregulated. *Nevertheless, we are powerless to* lighten the load. *How can this be?*

The answer is well known to practical politicians and to some political scientists. Though I as a citizen and consumer feel that I am overregulated and that regulations in general are a nuisance and a waste, I as a trucker, airline executive, banker, doctor, service station owner, union bureaucrat, lawyer, or manufacturer am persuaded that the special regulations that protect my *operations from "unfair competition," "lowered standards," "dumping,"* etc. are different from the others and must be preserved and cherished. And therefore I, while applauding politicians who call for deregulation, join with likeminded others in my line of occupation to hire ourselves an able lobbyist and to bring our concentrated and focused strength to bear on the relevant members of the national and state legislatures and the elected magistrates. *All* of us, precisely *because* we are *all* of us, cannot concentrate and focus our combined strength. Under normal circumstances we share no common interest clear and present enough to counter this, that, and the other *special* interest that can be brought into effective action.

This problem of deregulation is one expression of the more general problem of democratic government in our day. The same seeming paradox emerges in relation to inflation (all of us are against it, but each of us likes the specific inflationary measure that helps butter his own bread), racial equality, nuclear power plants, and coal mines (absolutely necessary, but not in my neighborhood), free trade (yes, of course, except that my business must be protected from cheap foreign labor).

In the past, this democratic paradox was resolved, when it became acute enough, by the latent idea of the public or national interest, of "the common weal." If that idea still has some life left, a presidential campaign might be a suitable time for its spokesmen to be heard from.

THE WEEK

■ **SENATOR HENRY JACKSON** *is calling* for three-judge panels that would order school busing only after considering its potential effect on white flight and the quality of education. The *New York Times* warns that Jackson would destroy the courts' "most effective weapon: the threat to impose busing on school boards if they fail to resort to other available strategies." With his introduction of the three-judge panel legislation, Jackson has become the first Democratic presidential candidate to assume an anti-busing posture. It could bring him delegate dividends—particularly in Massachusetts.

■ **NAACP DIRECTOR ROY WILKINS** said he was "para-

JANUARY 30, 1976 B1

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A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

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tastes, or what they think are American tastes. But I did have one extremely good meal in Russia, in a Leningrad restaurant with Georgian cuisine. Five of us went there on our own, did not have to wait in line, and were served very well. The appetizers included a novelty to me—pickled garlic, which was mild and excellent—and the tastiest watercress and fresh coriander I ever had. These were the only platterful of fresh greens I saw in Russia and, interestingly, were twice as expensive as any of the main dishes: shashlik, luli kebab, meat with potatoes and onions, a chicken pilaff, and another rice dish, all of which the five of us shared. The waiter had chosen our main courses, patiently helping the only member of the group who knew some Russian. The dessert was chocolate ice cream in cold coffee. We had a bottle of vodka and two bottles of wine. The whole thing cost around $35 for the five of us.

About the service: There are many young waiters in the hotels and restaurants. The service is very good-natured but unpolished. One must remember that a true social revolution took place in Russia, removing the upper and middle classes who were used to fine living. A whole tradition of cooking and serving was destroyed and is being built up again, largely for the tourist trade. □

FILM

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Gang Narcissism

The wild-throated, oat-sowing young prophets of the 1960s were, in their boom days, famous for publicly parading their parts—ideological, moral, and physical—up and down the highways and the byways of America, singing a song of themselves. Presently, however, they are suffering their Diaspora; they have had little opportunity of late for massive self-celebration, so when I noticed that the New York Film Festival was showing a film of 195 minutes called *Milestones*, a fictional documentary about these lost and witlessly illusioned people slogging about in the badlands of the 1970s, I felt the muscles of my typing forefingers go taut with expectation. The kids would do it all over again for me, I knew.

And they did: for a good third of those three and a quarter hours, I was in a sort of three-ring heaven, though after that I began to tire of the old acts. First, one of the directors, one of the producers, and one of the actresses came onto the stage at Alice Tully Hall and regurgitated the articulations they had swallowed before the audience could catch the words: these "words" turned out to be mainly primitive noises, and there was a lot of body language to conceal that fact and to substitute for vocal projection. So far, so good: I stirred pleasantly. But then: ah, *then*, the lights went out, and pretty soon the screen was bulging and wriggling and grunting in three dimensions, just as the campi and other radical watering holes had writhed in the palmy days of the Revolution; here was a plethora of all the old icons, slogans, costumes, railroad apartments, Vermont shacks, tokes, fags, roaches, natural births, boobs, crotches, hairs, jalopies, rolled together and patted into one reeking *Gesamtkunstwerk*, one great autoerotic paean-commercial sponsored by the makers of Hemp Cigarettes. Sing Hey! for Grace Paley (never a prolific writer, and now she's got Hollywood pretensions) making a movie about Vietnam and sporting a ring cut from the barrel of a GI's M-15; sing Hey! for the valiant lady lawyer, counseling in prison a woman who bashed in the head of a rapist, her husband, who tried to assert his boughten rights in his marriage bed; sing Hey, lackaday! for the albumesque inserts of Harriet Tubman, strung-up Negroes, TV clips of Geronimo fighting off cavalry officers. All this is Amerika to some people, still. "I like to look out the window," says one guy, driving across the country: "So much history, so many crimes."

THEY ARE husbanding their strength for the next tilt against oppressive inhumanity, drawing upon spiritual resources to keep alive the eternal flame, the while they dodge their local Manpower office. They fling the salt of Love against the ice of Hate; they move in an incandescent violet smog that dissolves the grime on human features and leaves them as clear and pink as if their owners had just walked naked out of Baffin Bay. The process is a highly self-conscious one: it calls for a lot of holding kittens up to the face; for greeting the deluded straights of this world with the kind of smugly exaggerated goodness of will that TV hosts of the morning kiddie shows rehearse in the bathroom on hangover mornings; and for communicating with the Brethren in the tones of a saintly but constipated sleepwalker. They speak as if their life-spark were buried down around the colon, deep in the large intestine; they clear their throats occasionally to pop the voice up over the glottis. Their vocal lines are heavily slurred; their pitch ranges from middle C to the G above and back to middle C, taking a few slow bars to run the gamut, and *con brio* is for ad men and other bourgeoisifieds. It's not that they are *thinking*: young rads still rely upon a sort of Non-speak deriving from a breathless appreciation of the very obvious, buttressed by reference to the very unobvious—"Isn't it amazing how different this place is than when we were here last time? It's like there's this cycle . . . The Chinese knew that—they told people to slow down in the winter."

INTELLECTUALLY and artistically *Milestones* accomplishes no more than have the common run of its subjects but it does make one thing violently clear, and that is that the emotional and intellectual lethargy in which these people live is visible proof not, as they imagine, of their deep profundity and torturing sensitivity, but merely of their unshakable preoccupation with the most petty and transient woes and pleasures of the Self. All the characters in this movie are rolled limply in the wash of an egocentricity from whose undertow they—being, after all, human creatures—try to escape by galloping off to the nearest commune. There they are able to translate their narcissistic delight in the elementals of their bodily functions and essences into a synthetic love for the Great God-Man—represented in particular by their confrères and by certain oppressed Peepuls whom they have fantasized to their specifications—to whom they are bound in kinship by the lowest common denominator, human physiology: a denominator which nobody need seek to attain but in which the communard type takes his greatest pride. You breathe in and out, I breathe in and out; you screw, I screw. Far out, man, we're beautiful!

If homosexual love is an extroverted autoeroticism, communal life is merely a sort of gang narcissism. □

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BOOKS

Reconciling a Duality

American Slavery–American Freedom
By Edmund S. Morgan
Norton, 454 pp., $11.95

JACK CHATFIELD

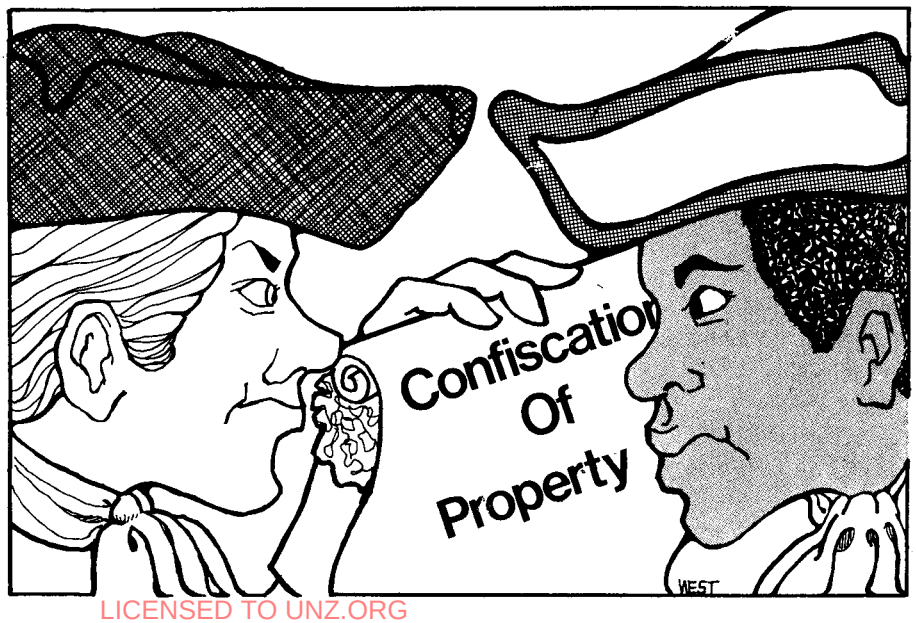
It is no accident that the hardiness and enterprise of the Plymouth Pilgrims are celebrated annually, and that these industrious pioneers have become in the popular imagination a community of legendary heroes. The earliest permanent settlement in North America, by comparison, is shrouded in a kind of historical mist. There may be a sense that the empire of liberty began inauspiciously in a crude stockade on the lower James, but it is certain that few Americans—including historians—have a clear idea of what happened there. Readers of Professor Morgan's most recent work will be shocked at his description of the savagery, dissipation, and blind irrationality that characterized the early life of Jamestown. It is fascinating and sobering to trace the careers of some of the less savory forebears of modern freedom.

Though dependent on the Indians for their food supply, the Jamestown settlers destroyed Indian villages (including crops) and entertained themselves with unspeakable atrocities. And though it may seem that the truly exceptional cruelties were reserved for the heathens, the punishments meted out to felonious Englishmen will make modern skins tingle. From the first it was a capital offense to desert to the Indians—a fact that suggests the potential for intercultural harmony was greater than we have been led to believe. And under the draconian *Lawes Divine, Morall, and Martiall*, a man could be sentenced to death for killing a chicken or stealing an ear of corn. For taking three pints of oatmeal, one colonist had a needle driven through his tongue and was chained to a tree until he starved. This exemplary punishment, granted, was imposed to help ensure the colony's survival. But survival was not so clearly at stake when, in 1624, Richard Barnes had his arms broken and his tongue bored through for making "base and detracting" speeches against the governor; or when Edward Nevell lost his political rights and "both his Ears" because he denounced a decision of the council while he was sailing *off the coast of Canada*.

If the Virginians' punishments were harsh, their work habits were as lax as a welfare chiseler's. To an English gentleman—and Jamestown was top-heavy with gentlemen—idleness and a disdainful ignorance of any skilled trade were badges of rank. Even under the military regimen of the *Lawes*, no colonist was expected to work more than four hours a day. The remaining time, in John Smith's words, was to be spent "in pastimes and merry exercise." When a new governor arrived in the colony in May 1611, he discovered that nothing had been planted except "some few seeds in a private garden or two." The colonists he found at "their daily and usuall workes, bowling in the streetes."

If God intervened to save this colony, He could not have been the God of Calvin. He must, instead, have been a minor deity, the god of tobacco and indentured servitude. The Virginians introduced a strain of West Indian tobacco, and by the early 1620s what James I called "that stinkinge weed" was growing wherever it would take root. The colony continued to be replenished with men and supplies. Though its death rate stayed at epidemic levels, Virginia became a boom country.

UNTIL the 1660s, the colony relied principally upon white labor, indentured or apprenticed. There were Negroes in Virginia—the first had arrived on a hijacked Spanish ship in 1619, and Morgan estimates that there were about 500 by 1650—but the evidence suggests that the white settlers "were ready to think of Negroes as



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RANDOM NOTES

■ APRIL TITLES: Michael Novak! All you New Populists! Listen sharp to Richard Krickus, whose *Pursuing the American Dream: White Ethnics and the New Populism* is being published in paper (Anchor, $3.95) and cloth (Indiana, $12.50). . . . Campaign '76 has it all wrong; the social programs of the Sixties didn't fall on their faces, argue Sar Levitan and Robert Taggart in *The Promise of Greatness* (Harvard, $15). . . . That the Iron Curtain is really gold and flutters softly as a butterfly seems to be the assumption of Tiziano Terzani in *Giai Phong! The Fall and Liberation of Saigon* (St. Martin's, $10). . . . Mr. Terzani would do well to read Nguyen Cao Ky's description of how we lost South Vietnam in *Twenty Years and Twenty Days* (Stein & Day, $8.95). . . . The fella that's supposed to be so illiterate, he's done written a book called *The Autobiography of George Wallace* (Doubleday, $8.95). . . . "He has the spark of greatness," said Eleanor Roosevelt of the author of *The Memoirs of Hubert Humphrey* (Doubleday, $12.50). . . . J. Bowyer ("Some-of-my-best-friends-are-terrorists") Bell has finished *Strategies of National Liberation* (Harvard, $15).

Give a Protestant an inch and he'll reform it, seems to be the burden of William R. Hutchinson's *The Modernist Impulse in American Protestantism* (Harvard, $15). . . . If you didn't like what TV did to them, try Francis Russell's *Adams: An American Dynasty* (McGraw-Hill, $15). . . . David Howarth reminds us that Lenin did not invent national liberation, in *The Greek Adventure: Byron and Other Extraordinary Characters of the Greek War of Independence* (Atheneum, $12.50). . . . You'd never believe B. F. Skinner came from a sensible town like Susquehanna, Pa., unless you read *Particulars of My Life* (Knopf, $10). . . . Back to Bach! with Peter Schickele's *The Definitive Biography of P. D. Q. Bach* (Random House, $8.95). . . . Richard Llewellyn offers a novel about India: *At Sunrise the Rough Music* (Doubleday, $6.95).

members or potential members of the community on the same terms as other men and to demand of them the same standards of behavior." It "seems probable," says Morgan, "that all Negroes, or nearly all, arrived in the colony as slaves. But some were free or became free; some were servants or became servants. And all, servant, slave, or free, enjoyed rights"—including the right to own property and to buy one's freedom—"that were later denied all Negroes in Virginia." Until mid-century, the status of Virginians was determined by class rather than race.

SLAVERY came to Virginia only after the mortality rate and, paradoxically, the influx of bonded servants had declined; and, equally important, after Virginia had begun to look like a permanent settlement. Beginning in the 1660s, says Morgan, slavery was codified and racism was deliberately fostered by the colony's baronial class in a series of laws that reached a climax with the confiscation of slave property in 1705. The assembly ordered that the property be distributed among the indigent white population. And in the same year, with some prodding from London, the assembly required that masters supply their white servants, at the end of their terms, with a generous amount of corn and money, a musket, clothing, and fifty acres of land. Significantly, the property requirement for voting was unspecified until 1736, when it was set at 25 "improved" acres. A new and stable Virginia was taking shape: a prosperous and peaceful colony composed of a small and powerful class of wealthy planters, a white yeoman class secure in its possession of land and political rights, and the submerged and quiescent slaves.

This was the Virginia of Madison, Mason, Washington, and Jefferson: the seedbed of constitutional republicanism. Historians and non-historians have long sought either to reconcile the duality of slavery and freedom, or to elaborate upon the ungodly contradictions that infected America's devotion to liberty and equality. Most recently, Jefferson's racial philosophy had been subjected to a detailed and penetrating analysis by Winthrop Jordan in *White over Black*, an analysis which makes good use of the insights of modern psychology. Now Professor Morgan approaches the question from another direction. His conclusions pose an exciting challenge to the prevailing wisdom regarding the relationship of slavery to the philosophy of American democracy.

By setting American political philosophy in the broader context of English republicanism, Morgan demonstrates that the enslavement of the laboring poor was a remedy entirely consistent with the "enlightened" thought of the time. The republic envisioned by the eighteenth-century philosophers was one in which liberties were secured by a broad franchise and a "wide distribution of property." In this scheme of things, poverty was no less a threat to liberty than a tyrannical monarch. Two thinkers who earned the special admiration of Jefferson recommended the perpetual enslavement of the "idle and disorderly" poor, and others took for granted their perpetual debasement. The poor were assumed to be beyond redemption, unfit to be citizens in a representative state.

THE PROPOSALS for the enslavement of the English poor, of course, were never executed. And Jefferson himself never recommended the enslavement of a single human being, white or black; after all, he was one of the inheritors of African slavery, not one of its creators. Still, Jefferson's passionate agrarianism and his dark fears of "licentious" immigrants, the "mobs of great cities," and factory workers are philosophically consistent with his belief in Negro slavery. Negroes were but one type of the dependent poor. "Dependance," he wrote, "begets subservience and venality, suffocates the germ of virtue, and prepares fit tools for the designs of ambition." Since Negroes, like the English poor, were unsuited for citizenship, they must be slaves; as free men they could contaminate a "homogeneous," "durable," and "peaceable" America.

Like all first-rate works of history, Professor Morgan's book will generate arguments rather than settle them. But it is beyond dispute that he has detected genuine congruities where others have seen only polarities. *American Slavery—American Freedom,* like each of his previous works, is a book of great solidity and insight, which carries us a step closer to an understanding of the social and intellectual origins of the American nation. □

Geoffrey Wagner *is the author of* The Novel and the Cinema. . . . **Allen G. Weakland** *is a freelance writer who is founding a magazine devoted to "normative culture."*

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Thornton Wilder:
An Intimate Portrait
By Richard H. Goldstone
Saturday Review Press/Dutton, 299 pp., $11.95

PURITANISM WITH A PRETTY FACE

GEOFFREY WAGNER

The "common reader," approaching a biography of a literary figure, must be excused some qualms. Time was when such were palatably readable. But the impressionist tradition of George Saintsbury or Edmund Gosse, or even Lytton Strachey, seems today subjective and superficial, so that the trend has been to more and more ponderous multi-volume biographies—of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, James—in which the author's every work is summarized in relentless detail, and which conclude with an anthology of other people's opinions. (The beauty of Richard Ellmann's biography of Joyce is that Joyce did not write all that much and experienced a good deal: his final flight from German-occupied France, muzzling a mad daughter, forms the stuff of a genuine thriller.) Given that the genteel tradition was facile, this tiptoeing around the great resulted in at least one general reader wanting to grab the biographer by the throat and tell him: Look, I know how to read. By comparison, then, with the *Forschung*-biography, Richard Goldstone's "intimate portrait" of Thornton Wilder (who, ever the soul of courtesy, died just after publication day) is all light and grace.

He begins it with a review of 1927, the year of the phenomenal success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. From there we follow the career of a singularly American writer. For thirty years *Our Town* was "the work of American dramatic literature that has attracted the greatest number of audiences and readers in this century," and Goldstone, a specialist in the drama, devotes two chapters to it. The play, a Pulitzer Prize winner, became "our national play" and has been chosen among others to commemorate the Bicentennial in Washington. Wilder never liked the idea of English actors performing in it.

His career seems to have paralleled that of his friend Henry Luce: a Calvinist upbringing; schooling in Hong Kong, where Wilder's father was Consul General; mission school at Chefoo; then education in California and at Oberlin, where the young Thornton met Robert Hutchins (a firm friend until the latter opted for U.S. neutrality in the Second World War); then Yale, friendship with Gene Tunney; thereafter Paris and Chicago, where for a long while Wilder taught at the university. (In the Paris section, Goldstone includes an anecdote about Hemingway's wish to enjoy the sexual favors of Gertrude Stein: a consummation devoutly to be desired by any right-minded satirist, I should have thought.) Throughout these pages Wilder emerges as a singularly decent person—well-read and (for an author, at any rate) unassuming.

Perhaps some of the richest passages of this portrait are those describing Wilder's service in the Second World War. Although busily completing *The Skin of Our Teeth* and the screenplay for Hitchcock's *Shadow of a Doubt*, the playwright, at 45, was patriotically quick to enlist after Pearl Harbor and served in the Army Air Force. He was sent to Constantine, Caserta, and Rome. Goldstone was in Rome at the same time (in fact, he had the benefit of Wilder's acquaintance) and is thus able to depict the Eternal City, circa 1944, in terms deeply nostalgic for those of us who remember it then, in all its magnificent and tragic desertion. Out of the Roman interlude came the Caesar novel. The last years are marked by accolades and by Wilder's generosities (chiefly to his sisters), made possible by the huge successes of *The Matchmaker* and the pilot model of *Hello, Dolly!* It seems to have been a happy life, and a good one, and Richard Goldstone tells it well.

Two reservations. Some of the chapter heads are unworthy: e.g., "Getting Gertie's Ardor" or "Skinnegans Wake," a dreadful pun that gives oblique credence to the absurd charge that Wilder plagiarized *Finnegans Wake* for *The Skin of Our Teeth*—absurd since Joyce's work is virtually unplagiarizable, and in fact plagiarizes itself. (Similarly, *Our Town* was said to have been indebted to Jarry's *Ubu Roi*: obviously, Wilder shared with other writers of his day a host of fashionable ideas, and he liked to topple conventions. A debt to Pirandello would be nearer the mark.) Secondly, Goldstone's pages are peppered with explanatory footnotes which are often important enough to have been incorporated into the text. As it is, one's eye is constantly shifting up and down the page.

YET THIS is a valuable and gentle guide to an American writer who, Goldstone says, "endowed Puritanism with a kind of surface beauty." As one ill-versed in Wilder's canon, I found the book just what I needed—an incentive to further reading rather than the closed coffin of the academic biography. □

Meeting at Potsdam
By Charles L. Mee Jr.
M. Evans, 370 pp., $10.95

POP ART HISTORY

ALLEN G. WEAKLAND

In a review article on cold war revisionists for the *American Historical Review*, Rutgers Professor Warren F. Kimball wrote that, generally, "Cold war historiography has followed a pattern. . . . First come the 'white paper' style histories, often written during a particular crisis and reflecting the view of government policy-makers. Close on [their] heels . . . come the initial attempts at revision . . . often characterized by visions of conspiracy. At this point defenses of official policy appear. Based on greater amounts of documentary evidence they often accept a few of the revisionist arguments while rejecting the revisionist's overall conclusions. These scholarly defenses bring on scholarly revisionism . . . finally time . . . results in an eclectic

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synthesis that . . . seems to approach the golden mean by extracting arguments and conclusions from all sides."

One would certainly have to sit and ponder to conclude in exactly which of these five stages belongs Charles L. Mee's *Meeting at Potsdam*. Perhaps, in the end, a sixth category would have to be added to the list: popular syntheses of scholarly writings. For Mee's book is sort of history as pop art.

NOT THAT the facts are not there. Indeed they are—in profusion. Do you want to know what Truman had for breakfast on the *S.S. Augusta* on the way to Potsdam? You can find it here. Or, how about a movie review by Bosley Crowther of *Something for the Boys*, a film viewed by the President, also on the way to Potsdam? That's here, too. It isn't that a little color cannot be used to fan interest in the story. It's just that this kind of thing represents too accurately the intellectual tone of the book. Anyone desiring to sink his teeth into some good, chewy history had best look elsewhere.

But it is hard to say exactly what has been added to prior knowledge. All the facts have been detailed endlessly before in cold war histories. Mee claims to have taken advantage of newly declassified transcripts of the Potsdam meetings, but they do not appear to add anything new to historiography. Unfortunately, Mee takes the no-footnote route, leaving the reader to plod through bibliographical essays at the rear of the book.

The one thread which runs throughout this book is the attitude of Truman and his advisors toward the policy of dropping the atomic bomb to prevent the necessity for Russia's entry into the war against Japan. But even this theme has already been worked over thoroughly in many other books, especially, if rather bumblingly, in Gar Alperovitz' *Atomic Diplomacy*. Mee postulates that Truman experienced an upsurge, a new feeling of confidence, upon receiving the news of the successful test at Alamogordo; and that with this trump card up his sleeve, he felt that he could now manipulate Stalin and end the war without Russian aid. However, Mee's basis for this assertion is the inner workings of Truman's mind, the private thoughts of which I am rather sure he is not capable of reading.

Actually, in a congressional hearing on the origins of the cold war held several years ago, Adam Ulam, an authority on Russo-American relations and Soviet leaders, stated that "from the middle of the Forties until the beginning of the 1950s, I do not recall a single Soviet article or argument claiming that the atomic bomb was dropped to rob Russia of her share in the Japanese settlement." It would seem only reasonable to assume that if it was Truman's intention to deny the Russians their supposed due, somewhere along the way, during the bitter crossfire of 1945-50, Russian propagandists would have utilized that accusation in their psychological war with the free world. As Mee himself states at one point, "They [Truman and Stalin] fairly tripped over one another to be the first with a new charge against the other."

For anyone who already has a solid background in the Potsdam phase of American diplomacy, I can only quote British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin, who, during one of the Foreign Minister conferences after the War, charged across the room, fists clenched, took aim at Russian Foreign Minister Molotov, and said, "I've had enough of this, I 'av!" My sentiments exactly upon completing Mee's book. □

Conservative Votes, Liberal Victories
By Patrick J. Buchanan
Quadrangle, 184 pp., $7.95

ATTACK!

KEVIN LYNCH

Spiro Agnew attained household recognition thanks in large part to words supplied him by Patrick Buchanan, the Nixon Administration's Number One conservative speechwriter. Mr. Buchanan, however, didn't become famous in his own right until he appeared before Senator Ervin's Watergate Committee. While other members of the Administration were mauled in their encounters with the Committee, Mr. Buchanan deftly parried all its blows, counterpunched masterfully, and emerged from the session unbloodied and unbowed. He remained with Mr. Nixon until August 8, 1974 ("Resignation Day," as it's written on the dustjacket) and is now a syndicated columnist. Acknowledging a debt to his years at the White House as well as to the leading conservative analysts, Mr. Buchanan aims in this book to explain why the conservative sentiment of the American electorate is so rarely translated into conservative government.

Voters in 1972 approved several things about Richard Nixon, aside from the fact that he wasn't George McGovern. The Republican incumbent

vigorously opposed racial quotas, amnesty, and new taxes. Soon after the voters reelected him, however, his Department of Health, Education, and Welfare began vigorously imposing racial quotas on college faculties, and shortly after Mr. Nixon vacated the Oval Office his successor declared a limited amnesty and a 5 per cent surtax. Phenomena of this sort are by no means peculiar to the Republican Party. Mr. Buchanan reminds us that Senator Edward Kennedy, during his 1970 campaign, was heard equating campus commandos with Palestinian guerrillas; and Senator George McGovern, during his 1974 Senate campaign, sounded downright patriotic. Needless to say, after Senators Kennedy and McGovern were reelected, they resumed talking liberal. "Once an election is over," Mr. Buchanan explains, "the broader constituency, the *vox populi*, falls silent. Then the voices of the special interests can be heard again in the land. Then, ideology rears its head."

By special interests he most assuredly doesn't mean the oil companies or ITT. He means the special interests with *real* clout: the 2.7 million federal employees, the 5.6 million getting unemployment benefits, the 11 million on welfare, the 20 million on food stamps, and the 31 million on Social Security. When you combine these special interests with omniscient federal courts, an impregnable bureaucracy, and the liberal media, you are in a position to understand why the government continues on the road to socialism even though the electorate may move right.

Mr. Buchanan is a dead shot when it comes to the news media. Noting that two-thirds of all Americans rely on television as their primary news source, he lovingly concentrates most

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of his firepower on television. An example: in January of last year, President Ford announced his intention to reduce the burgeoning food stamp program, which was costing the Federal Government some 2,000 per cent more than it did when Richard Nixon took office. The words were barely out of Ford's mouth when Ed Rabel, a concerned CBS News reporter, told a nationwide TV audience: "The Administration says its plan would save the country $645 million, but the critics believe the savings would risk massive malnutrition and possible starvation." ("Neither Rabel nor his 'sources,'" says Mr. Buchanan, "explained why these people had not starved to death before the food stamp program exploded under President Nixon.") Congressional liberals, unfailingly on the side of the "starving" and the news media, crushed Ford's proposal. Television, says Mr. Buchanan, is the perfect medium for the liberal, who identifies a "problem" and has a "program." Not so for the conservative, who is too often typecast as Simon Legree.

MR. BUCHANAN feels his chapter on race and integration will be judged "the most mean-spirited of a thoroughly ill-tempered book." He divides the civil rights movement into two very distinct groups. Years ago, the first generation of civil rights leaders battled for the removal of state-imposed racial segregation. Today, the second generation of civil rights leaders, with invaluable assistance from the Warren Court, battles for state-imposed racial integration. This second generation, says Mr. Buchanan in his delicate way, is composed mostly of "political profiteers" and "demagogues" whose primary concern is how to get "federal boodle." Countless polls show that a large majority of Americans oppose busing, and yet each school year begins with more children boarding a bus to a school miles from their home solely because of the color of their skin. "Why is it," wonders Mr. Buchanan, "that government can be so eternally solicitous of the physical environment of a handful of Alaskan caribou, and so ham-fisted in rearranging the social environment people have created in their own communities?"

Finally, Mr. Buchanan has some advice for conservatives: *Attack, attack, attack.* Mr. Nixon tried to placate the special interests and was brutalized by them. Mr. Buchanan stresses that conservatives must court the Wallace Democrats, whom he considers indispensable to victory in 1976. Does he endorse Mr. Ford? I think not. But what he really wants to do is translate conservative votes into conservative policies, whatever the identity of the candidate. □

FICTION

Commemorations
By Hans Herlin
St. Martin's, 293 pp., $8.95

COOL AND COLLECTED

RONALD DE FEO

Contemporary German novelists so often seem to be rummaging through the past. Their books frequently take the form of investigations or memoirs, with characters trying to penetrate or come to grips with events of years long gone. In Lenz's *The German Lesson*, Böll's *Group Portrait with Lady*, Andersch's *Efraim's Book*, and Nossack's (more philosophically oriented) *The D'Arthez Case*, to cite but a few fairly recent examples, the past is explored and analyzed and certain unsettling truths are revealed. There is little then that is surprising about the methods Hans Herlin employs in *Commemorations*, which is narrated by a photographer turned printer turned hired assassin who begins to examine his past. In fact, compared with the other books mentioned, which are triumphs of style and invention, Herlin's novel seems tame and old-fashioned, as if it had been written before these books rather than after them.

The author's chief virtue as a writer is his story-telling ability. For much of the way *Commemorations* moves along so coolly and effectively that we find ourselves accepting its very contrived plot. The novel begins like a suspense thriller. Hans Pikola, the narrator, is in Madrid with the intention of killing a former Nazi doctor who, we later learn, was responsible for the death years ago of the woman Pikola loved. Pikola has been paid handsomely to do the job by a family of German industrialists, the Lehrs, who had ties with the doctor during the war and now want to prevent his return to Germany. As he waits for his victim, Pikola reflects on the past, and eventually reveals the motive for the crime he plans to commit. Along the way, he relates the history of Julia, the woman he is unable to forget. He also discusses Julia the second, the girl he tries to treat as a daughter, and the Lehrs, for whose company he has designed a slick commemorative volume which conveniently avoids mentioning the company's link with the Nazis during the war. Herlin skillfully uses these and other characters to explore the power that the past can exert over various lives. Some individuals, like the Lehrs, can simply dismiss unfortunate experiences by rewriting their histories. For others, like Pikola, the experiences have been too overwhelming to forget. These people remain forever trapped by their memories.

THROUGHOUT *Commemorations* there are scenes and conversations that ring true—Pikola's meetings with the Lehrs, for example, or his little dialogues with his "daughter." That the novel is quite readable and humane probably accounts for its success in Europe and the pre-publication praise it has received over here. It is a book that touches on "big" themes and subjects without making the experience too painful or heavy-going. But it is precisely the ease with which the author proceeds that prevents the novel from succeeding as a work of art. The character sketches are fine as far as they go, but they do not go nearly far enough. The people are accurately captured (the Lehrs speak the way we would expect such businessmen to speak), but they seem thin and superficial just the same. Although the author was probably striving for economy, slickness is the result. As the narrator shifts from character to character, dashing off his little sketches, he tends to fade into the background, and the novel, in turn, tends to lose its focus and force. The revelation concerning the fate of the first Julia, which the narrator keeps promising in every chapter, is annoyingly postponed. Initially the withholding of the facts

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makes for mystery and suspense, but after a time the technique becomes irritating. We wish for Pikola to return to Julia's story; instead, he seems determined to remain with the industrialists. When the great revelation finally does come, it isn't nearly as startling as we were led to expect. Whether intentionally or not, Herlin causes us to anticipate a thoroughly shocking concentration camp scene, and when it fails to materialize we almost feel, shamefully enough, disappointed. If this is all that happened, we say, why couldn't the narrator bring himself to discuss it earlier?

Herlin describes the camp as economically and as coolly as he describes everything else. The horror of the place fails to reach us. The camp simply functions as another setting in the story, and as such it doesn't possess much more reality than the Madrid we read of earlier. Here we begin to lose patience with and respect for Herlin's manipulative talents. We remember all too well the televised version of *QB VII*, in which the Nazi horrors were used as an element in a cheap, cardboard-thin, "popular" drama. *Commemorations* is never *that* shallow or contrived, and I suppose it is grossly unfair to compare it with such a trashy work. But too often Herlin is efficient when he should be penetrating, soft when he should be loud, cool when he should be passionate. For all his sincerity and intelligence, *Commemorations* is never really as serious or as thoughtful as he intends it to be. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NAZI CINEMA, *by Erwin Leiser, translated by Gertrud Mander and David Wilson (Macmillan, 179 pp., $7.95).* "Of all the arts," Lenin said, "film is for us the most important," to which Dr. Goebbels, the National Socialist Propaganda Minister, added the Nazi update: "A work of art can very well accommodate a political alignment, and . . . even the most obnoxious attitude can be communicated if it is expressed through the medium of an outstanding work of art." By now, what we do not know (at least in outline) of the National Socialist horror, we probably have no desire to know. What is needed, especially in so fertile an area as the Hitlerian use of movies as instruments of state indoctrination, is insightful analysis, a leap beyond the trite and expectable to something channeling the disparate pieces into a coherent whole, a framework enabling the student of propaganda or film or Nazism to capture something other than fleeting glimpses of understanding. Erwin Leiser's prosaic, predictable, preachy book isn't what the doctor ordered. He races us along with the strapping blond youths; he bathes us in the tears of the suffering Semites; he buries us under pages of bureaucratic memoranda encouraging this or that filmmaker to do his best for *Vaterland und Führer;* he ticks off all the requisite names—Leni Riefenstahl, for instance, gets the old go-around yet again—but he rarely carries the narrative into the realm of useful or even interesting hypothesis, much less into a developed explanation of precisely how and why all this came to be.

DAVID BRUDNOY

HARRY'S GAME, *by Gerald Seymour (Random House, 281 pp., $8.95).* He's known to British authorities only as the Man. He's Harry's game, but Harry must track him down and kill him on his own turf: a bleak Belfast suburb in IRA territory in Northern Ireland. Your attention is grabbed from page one in this spine-tingler of a first novel by British television reporter Gerald Seymour. The Man is a professional killer, an IRA hit man, about to gun down a British cabinet minister just returned to London from Northern Ireland. You accompany the Man into the underground, back up to a tree-lined residential street. You and he watch the Minister kiss his wife good-bye and wave his children off to school. You hear the first bullet thunk into his flesh, hear the wife scream, see the children run to his side. A second and a third bullet tear into him, knock him sprawling, dead. You watch the Man, hating him, as he walks rapidly away, breaks down the gun, makes a prepared getaway. You're on Harry's side now, you agree with the Prime Minister that the Man must be eliminated. Harry is the British intelligence agent chosen for the job because he is Ulster born and bred. But then something happens to you. You are now with Harry, in the down-at-the-heels boarding house he has chosen to hole up in. With him you watch a British patrol round up passersby in a routine stop-and-search mission. And your sympathies are with the people, not the police. You listen to Catholic grievances at the boarding house table and you begin to understand their loathing for the British, the deep, dull, aching hatred that the Catholic minority in Ulster has had for the British since Cromwell set his Roundheads loose on Papist Ireland. And although you are still on Harry's side—you like Harry, you hope he will live to return to his wife and children—you understand a little more why the Man did what he did. Harry gets a lead on the Man, but in doing so he tips his hand and the Provos learn that a British agent is operating in their midst. Harry the hunter is now, also, Harry the hunted, the Man's game. Gerald Seymour knows his Northern Ireland; he has been a reporter there for six years. It is this knowledge, and his skill in recreating the atmosphere—the crackling tension of everyday life in a city stalked by sudden death—that makes *Harry's Game* the thriller of the season.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THE GREAT RAILWAY BAZAAR, *by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin, 342 pp., $10).* Any Amtrak passenger stranded near Rye, sandwiched between other passengers in the aisle of an overheated, airless metroliner, may quail at the idea of reading *The Great Railway Bazaar*—Paul Theroux's account of his four-month train pilgrimage through Asia. But the long-suffering commuter must count his blessings when he considers that travelers on the Howrah Mail to Calcutta—after diving head first through the windows to grab a seat—are "suspended from the ceiling on straps, stacked against the wall like cordwood, heaped on benches, holding their knees together," while others cling "magnetically" to the car's outside fittings. On the other hand, envy is insuppressible when Theroux tells of a "soft"-class sleeping compartment on the Siberian Vostok. This coupé has all the elegant trappings of the legendary Orient Express. The real Orient Express is cramped, old, inefficiently run, and, worst of all, has no dining car. For Theroux's purposes a dining car was essential. When not painting the landscapes that roll past his windows (the breathtaking panorama of Vietnam's coastline alone is worth the purchase price), he sketches portraits of the people he meets. Most encounters take place over food and drink, though, being a *simpático,* unattached-looking man, he attracts numerous discussions and offers of sex. Inevitably, the deplorable consequences of Asian overpopulation and under-production of food shape his reflections. Despite the teeming misery, Theroux does not lose his eye for incongruous manifestations of indomitable human spirit. In crowded Calcutta, a one-legged man outruns him: "afterwards, whenever I thought of India, I saw him—hop, hop, hop—moving nimbly through those millions." Not all the book's scenes are so crowded. Long stretches of train track cross desolate, featureless landscapes, so Theroux's lonely gaze is forced inward. In the dark nights of his soul, it is always Afghanistan, or Osaka with its six-hour, poison-gas-filled dusk. At the beginning of his quest for trains, just reeling off their names—Khyber Pass Local, Kalka Mail, Mandalay Express, Hatsukari Limited, Trans-Siberian Express—was ever so bewitching, but toward Christmas, the spell has worn off and Theroux longs to be back in London—leaving the reader hoping he will pull out of Victoria Station again someday, for a further installment of his gracefully written, moving adventures on the trains.

ROSA CUMARE

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HART

(Continued from page 267)

VII

DURING HIS FINAL campaign swings through the vote-heavy cities of central and southern New Hampshire, President Gerald Ford makes a good impression. The Reagan organization has performed more thoroughly than Ford's, but when Air Force One swoops down on a smallish city like Keene the occasion itself generates excitement and substantial good will. Ford trades on his very prosiness, turning it into his strength. He is the representative of "common sense," of performance rather than "words"—thus tacitly admitting Reagan's skill with words. "We are not promising more than we can deliver," he says again and again, "but we will deliver what we promise." In meetings with local and state officials and New Hampshire newspaper editors, Ford shows an impressive grasp of budgetary and other details. Ford's flat Midwestern tones harmonize nicely with the themes of his campaign. During the final ten days of the campaign, some professed to detect a movement of the voters toward the President, perhaps overcoming an earlier Reagan lead.

My own impression is that the campaign in the media to depict Ford as stupid has probably backfired. Anti-Ford jokes on the Johnny Carson show and in cartoons may cause smiles, but people do not really think that the President is a bumbling fool. Some are aware that he graduated in the top third of his class from Yale Law School —an intellectual distinction few comedians, cartoonists, or journalists can match.

Another current, however, is stirring among the voters, and Ford's appeals to common sense, admirable as far as they go, do not begin to deal with it. Ford's prosy themes constitute a genuine strength, but under the circumstances in which the nation now finds itself that prosiness suggests limitations as well.

In the wake of Ford's most recent visit, I made a point of discussing his candidacy with something of a cross-section of those who had heard him: students at Dartmouth and the University of New Hampshire, some local businessmen, a grocer, a garage foreman, a salesman, etc. They put it in different ways, and they were not hostile to Ford, but the distilled result goes something like this:

"President Ford has been in office for a couple of years. On the whole he has not done a bad job. He is decent and honest and he even seems to be winning his battle against inflation and recession. On the whole, his policy decisions have been pretty good ones. But the nation is clearly sliding into a deep predicament. The fact that the Soviets could ship a Cuban mercenary army to Angola tells us something about the shift of power in the world. The Soviet military buildup is frightening. The President tried to do something about Angola but he could not mobilize public opinion and so he was stymied by Congress.

"Now just what we should have done in Angola is not so clear. But the Soviets obviously thought that the place was worth a big investment and considerable risk on their part. The President ought to have been able to go to the people and make a credible explanation of the American position.

"It is also clear that the situation in Europe is tilting against us. Yet President Ford simply does not seem to be able to go to the American people, wake them up, and try to turn things around."

The voters who talk that way do not express much certainty that Ronald Reagan could do so either. But Ford is the known quantity. As he himself says, his record is there and he is willing to stand on it. Reagan is an unknown quantity so far as national leadership is concerned, but that very fact makes him the repository of hope. And the fact that he is probably the best speaker in American politics gives some substance to the hope. Perhaps more ordinary Americans than is generally recognized feel that the hour is late and the storm winds are howling. They do not know whether Ronald Reagan is a Winston Churchill, but they hope—even somewhat desperately—that he is.

VIII

ON THE NIGHT OF Tuesday, February 24, as the returns came in, Reagan held a fluctuating lead over the President until well after midnight, and not until dawn did it become clear that Mr. Ford would win the popular vote by a narrow margin. During the final ten days of the campaign, it appears, the large undecided vote broke in Ford's direction. Naturally, both camps claimed "victory." Ford's because he had in fact won, and Reagan's because he had "done well." The only clarification achieved in the Republican

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race was that there would be no early clarification, and that fact in itself had to be favorable to the incumbent. In a reasonably representative Republican constituency—a fact reflected in primary results during the past generation—Reagan had proven to be about as strong as the principal passenger on Air Force One. Nevertheless, Reagan lost, and, therefore, Reagan did not emerge from New Hampshire with the momentum his strategy called for.

On the Democratic side, Jimmy Carter characteristically stated that he was "not surprised" by his solid first-place finish. Military men, as the saying goes, are always preparing for the last war, and that turned out to be true of Carter's opponents. In preparing for the "last war"—that is, the Democratic primary struggle of 1972—the candidate first tries to establish a committed constituency on the left wing of the party. That is where the activists are supposed to reside, the people who will sleep in church basements and ring doorbells at 15 below zero. There, too, is where the liberal venture money is supposed to be, the financial benzedrine from types like Stewart Mott and Sol Linowitz. After establishing himself over there, the candidate stages a countermarch toward the center.

In 1972, George McGovern executed the first part of this strategy perfectly. Then, at Miami Beach—too late—he tried to countermarch toward the center. The result was rather like General von Kluck's wheel in front of Paris in August 1914. McGovern had his own Battle of the Marne. When he tried to swing toward the center at Miami, he found it had disappeared.

Both Bayh and Udall, at least, figured that they had profited by McGovern's errors. First they would sew up the Left. But stylistically, they would remain acceptable to the "regulars" of the Center. Udall, the Thinking Woman's Candidate, is the heir of McGovern's neo-puritanism, but he is not strident. Birch Bayh clearly made the tactical decision to be the Lib-Lab candidate, while bidding for the Left with superorthodoxy on busing, amnesty, abortion, and other issues supposedly dear to the sleepers in church basements. Fred Harris, campaigning with his Indian wife, Tonto, had his own variation on all this, a schizoid strategy combining a self-consciously "populist" style with the approved radical chic positions.

But this is 1976, not 1972. The left wing of the Democratic Party now lacks the cohesion provided by the Vietnam issue; not many people are sleeping in church basements; and the radical chic millionaires are restrained by the new campaign financing law. It thus turned out to be devilishly difficult to consolidate the leftward position, and emerge as The Liberal.

Jimmy Carter had a different assessment of the situation. He did not present himself in terms of the familiar liberal "positions," but cultivated a distinctive personal identity. He was a fresh face, and—importantly—a new voice, a Southerner on top of it all. His themes did not differ markedly from Reagan's: he is not from Washington, not part of the Establishment; he is for the work ethic and for tough cost-cutting management. Carter shaped his candidacy according to the requirements of 1976. He therefore built up considerable momentum as he approached his moment of truth with George Wallace in Florida. □

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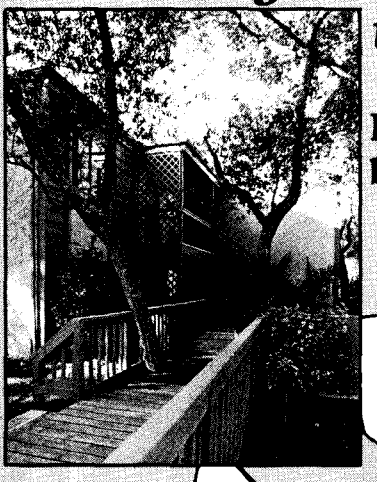

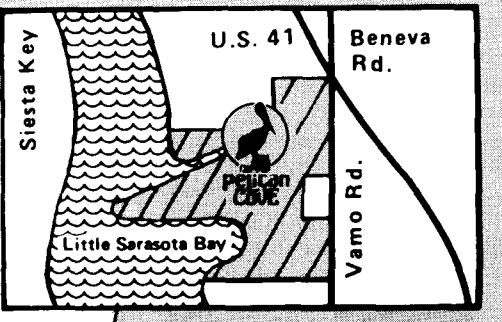

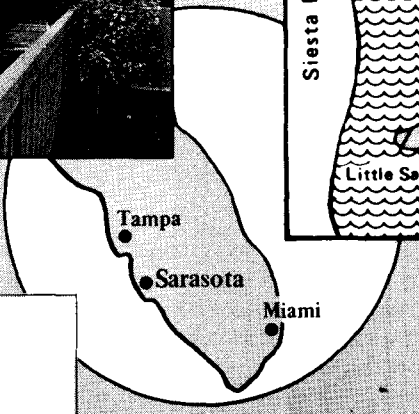

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Opening Up Detente

On The Right

Rougemont, Feb. 24—Finally, there is someone running for President who has opened up the question of detente. Ronald Reagan, until now, has concerned himself mostly with matters of domestic policy, with which he has been intimately acquainted as governor of California. He heard several months ago rumblings of impatience even among his supporters, critical of his apparent neglect and presumed ignorance of foreign policy. He reminisced that when in 1966 his name was first proposed for governor of California, his critics, and even some of his friends, complained that his concerns had been mostly with foreign policy. All in good time, he seemed to be saying.

And he has used the cruise missile as his way into the controversy. For all one's respect for Reagan's intelligence and general knowledge, one reasonably concludes that he got his information on the cruise missile from someone who is more minutely instructed in its strategic significance than Reagan himself could possibly be expected to be. Reagan makes a very sound point when he asks that President Ford release to the American public the putative terms of an agreement with the Soviet Union before arriving at that agreement. The difference is important. If the President submits to the Congress a signed document, either in treaty form or as an executive agreement for which he asks legal or moral sanction, the Congress suffers from the psychological intimidation of a *fait accompli*. To reject a proffered treaty is to "repudiate" the President; indeed, in the old days, it was thought to have something of the overtones of lèse-majesté. Thus, as many history books tell us, Congress "repudiated Woodrow Wilson" when Congress "repudiated the League of Nations."

In 1972, President Nixon, still scarred from his narrow victory in the anti-ballistic missile fight with Congress, collapsed in Moscow. He did so, moreover, at a time when two important data, far from being widely known, were most privately guarded. One was that our ABM technology was light years ahead of the Soviet Union's, so that, *pari passu*, any step back from ABM tended to benefit the Soviet Union more than it did us. Secondly, the public did not know (though one or two senators knew, and a few others suspected) that the Soviet Union had cracked the problem of how to MIRV a missile. This meant that the agreement to reduce the number of strategic launchers, although apparently beneficial to the United States because everybody knew we were on to MIRV, was tacitly advantageous to the Soviet Union, which in due course would be accumulating a throw-weight vastly in excess of our own.

There are those who believe that if these two facts had been ventilated, public discussion would have been stimulated, leading to a more cautious approach in Moscow. But Mr. Nixon was election-bound on that mission, and he desired to bring back a scrap of paper relating to Europe—even as six months later he desired a scrap of paper relating to Indochina—that would validate his strategy for a peaceful century, no less.

It is difficult to know whether the residents of New Hampshire could be got to concern themselves with the capabilities of cruise missiles, and the question must seem terribly remote whether these airplanes should be classified as falling under the Vladivostok proscriptions. One notes that Governor Reagan gave his speech at Phillips Exeter Academy, to bright young people who are not old enough to vote, and whose parents, overwhelmingly, do not reside in New Hampshire. At least he got an attentive audience, whose attention he did not have to rivet by gory accounts of bureaucratic excesses in Washington. But the ripple effect is very important, and it was a cautious way into what should be the major question concerning the Republic today: Are we presiding over policies that are leading inexorably to Soviet hegemony? Reagan thinks so; and some deeply informed people within the Pentagon think so too. It is entirely possible that the Secretary of State also thinks so, but considers that the disease we suffer from is nothing the Pentagon has the technology to cure. □

NIXON TO CHINA

Geneva, Feb. 28—Richard Nixon was the most feverish defender of executive prerogative in the recent history of the Presidency. He vowed and he vowed again that he would not undermine the office of the Presidency, giving that as the reason why he would not divulge his records to a Senate committee investigating charges of impeachable gravity that were leveled against him. He was forced by the courts to back down, but the arguments he made before the courts, and before the American people, survived the controversy, and history has not passed judgment on who was right on the theoretical point. The shaky authority Gerald Ford has in foreign policy is in fact directly attributable to the decomposition of the Presidency under Richard Nixon. And now Nixon is going back to China.

His trip is in no sense that of the private citizen. He is being received by the Chinese as something of a leader-in-opposition. The Chinese apparently do not know that Richard Nixon is not the leader of anything at all these days. He has less influence on the Republican Party than Howard Cosell. The Chinese are no respecters of sentimentality in politics. For them it makes no difference whatever that you labored gloriously in the vineyard for years and years and that you were a national hero. Overnight you are disgraced, when you are no longer useful to them—Lin Piao would tell you, if he were alive. The Chinese clearly believe that they snookered Nixon, and they want to do more of it; and somehow they believe that having him back and giving him regal treatment is going to affect American politics. It may, but not in the way they think.

It has already been widely observed that Mr. Nixon's trip will correspond

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with the New Hampshire primary. Since, inevitably, Mr. Nixon will be in the news more conspicuously than at any time since he left office, the slightly rancid odor of illegitimacy is bound to affect adversely Mr. Ford's fortunes. Although I continue to believe he was wise and charitable in granting Nixon the pardon, mine is a minority point of view. And the spectacle of Nixon, wining and dining with the nabobs in the oriental palaces while Howard Hunt rots in jail and Mitchell and Ehrlichman and Haldeman live broken lives trying to pay their lawyers' fees, will aggravate sentiments of injustice that can only be exercised at the expense of Gerald Ford.

BUT THAT part of it aside, one finds Nixon's own explanation for the trip most baffling. Good relations with China are, he writes, "if anything, more important than four years ago." Let us suppose that to be true. It probably is, given the speed with which the Soviet military has surpassed us—thanks extensively to the policies of President Nixon. But if that is so, isn't it supremely the moment to get out of the way of the President of the United States, who is in charge of defining our relations with China? Or, if one disagrees with the policies of the President, to criticize those policies? Either openly in the press, or confidentially over the telephone? At least before he scheduled the present trip to China, Nixon had no problem in getting through to Ford on the phone.

Nixon went on: "In 1972, I went to the People's Republic of China because I concluded that a new and constructive relationship between the United States and the PRC is indispensable if we are to have lasting peace in the Pacific and in the world."

Well, he certainly miscalculated on that one. Since 1972, we lost a major war for the first time in our history; made a mockery of the whole notion of Vietnamization; established a detente that brought such peace to the world as they are nowadays enjoying in Angola; dismembered the NATO alliance through ineptitudes that grew out of the settled conviction of the leaders of the world that the United States didn't know what it was doing and that the Chief Executive who got himself impeached energized the Congress now bent on pulling out of the world.

In 1972 it was bad enough. But in a sense excusable as Realpolitik: Nixon was there to trilateralize the tensions among the three superpowers; to make sure that the Chinese would feel that there was an alternative to rapprochement with the Soviet Union. He attempted this at great psychological cost; undermining American opinion that Communist revolutions effected by totalitarian means are odious. But by this time Nixon—not merely a private citizen, but a pariah—will have nothing to do *except* to drink toasts to the great achievements of Mao Tse-tung. He will not be there to offer the Chinese U.S. intelligence secrets, or consulates in Los Angeles, or even U.S. ping-pong players. He has to offer: only sycophancy. To the only nation in the world that, at this point in time, as they used to say in the White House, is disposed to honor America's ex-President. □

OLYMPIC HANGOVER

Rougemont, Feb. 17 —It was a banality some time before I was born that the Olympic Games do about as much to induce good feeling in the world as summit conferences or world wars. On the whole, individual sportsmen are good losers. Their coaches aren't, nor are their sponsors. The loss of a gold medal is resented less by an athlete who has no answer to the question "But didn't the other guy in fact swim faster than you did?" than by the structure of coaches and bureaucrats who were counting on him. If it's the United States you're talking about, other concerns soon crowd out the humiliation of a defeat. If it is the Soviet Union you are talking about, awful things happen, and the shadow of Gulag, already ubiquitous, darkens. The in-between states suffer according as their national pride is, in the sporting event in question, blended with their national economic interests. Austria and Italy are in point. The relatively poor showing of their athletes will cost the winter sports industries tens of millions of dollars.

The historian Peter Viereck, many years ago, accounted in part for the instant unpopularity of Nazi Germany among American intellectuals, by contrast with the instant relative popularity of the Soviet Union, by pointing to two symbols. The Nazis enshrined the athlete and the soldier. The Soviet Union, the worker and the intellectual. Myths die hard, though one must suppose that you would have to go all the way over to, say, the *Ramparts* crowd to find someone today who believes that the Soviet Union has done anything for the worker or for the intellectual.

The Soviet Union, on the other hand, does much for the athlete. I would not be surprised if, say three or four Olympics from now, we saw Soviet athletes bred under the purposive genetic auspices of socialism. "Miss Plitoski is the daughter of Ivan Plitoski, who won a gold medal in the 1968 Olympics, and Olga Iskova, who won a gold medal in the 1972 Olympics. Her grandmother won a silver in 1956 . . ." The Moscow newspaper *Sovietsky* was there last week announcing that "the Soviet medal harvest reaffirms the indisputable advantages of the Socialist system of physical education."

There are a great many advantages, if your idea is to become, for one day, the fastest skier in the world, to spending 15 years developing your body, your reflexes, and your will. Especially if this catapults you into a position among the elite. In Russia, elitehood is conferred on a kind of barter basis: it isn't money the young athletes get so much as privilege. In Italy, it is money. It is estimated that Mr. Thoeni got paid something on the order of $300,000 last year by a consortium of ski manufacturers, to persuade him to remain an amateur, so that he might compete in a sport in which professionals are not permitted. It is as if an American consortium paid Zsa Zsa Gabor a half-million dollars to present herself as a virgin. Nobody is fooling anybody except the Olympic Games Committee, which could not qualify to compete in any contest in which consistency of ruling or concern for morality is required. Meanwhile, in the United States, lovely little Dorothy Hamill, obsessed by figure skating, drains the family reserves—$15,000 per year for tutoring. And an American slalom racer comments: "Hell, I feel lucky that someone is paying my round-trip ticket to Austria."

THE PITY of it is that sports contests almost beg to be extra-ideological in nature—let the best *man* win. Perhaps it is inevitable. If the Nobel Committee can't free itself of politics, how can one expect that the government sponsors of an international contest can hope to do so?

There is, of course, a partial solution. Eliminating the amateur requirement isn't entirely satisfactory, because over too long a period you would see the same old faces winning the same old contests. But you could limit the age of the participants to 25—and authorize anyone under that age to enter, never mind the dissimulation. Otherwise they should add another event: open to the amateur who has participated in a regular event and earned the most money during the preceding 12 months. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Alexander was, although to most he was Greek — 1 4 45 54 145 215 140 154 131 168

B. America's discoverer *probably didn't speak* this language — 44 161 139 178 188 209 67

C. A subclass of Teleostomi comprising fishes with internal nares; now nearly extinct — 90 28 104 82 130 134 166 190 36 196 / 2 204 213

D. A New Testament letter addressed to certain Christians — 111 33 159 5 171 195 113

E. To curry favor with while in Warsaw — 129 103 114 194 163 180 61 187 206 97 / 217

F. Probably more Americans speak this language than do Europeans — 137 121 146 80 88 99 200 211 20 25

G. An ancient language that lacks something — 164 176 34 127 116 173 78 51

H. A city in southern Red China — 182 174 6 128 170 199 74 18

I. A tropical leguminous *shrub used as a* means of controlling various undesirable grasses in pastures and rangelands — 14 53 70 75 84 3 31 43

J. The next to the last of Scheherazade's stories — 201 162 57 102 94 24 210 49 155 123

K. What an examination of the temperature might be called — 203 42 79 8 66 109 35

L. TOE ONCE — 218 212 112 135 46 83 175

M. A Mississippi Republican (honestly!) — 48 115 153 158

N. YEWS AND SHADE — 55 9 40 95 101 108 132 142 179 214 / 220 76

O. He goes after information doggedly — 7 13 27 38 72 87 47 58 63

P. People who sometimes lived in the attic — 68 19 184 222 106 207

Q. North of the business district — 81 118 202 181 10 21

R. Linear and tapering to a fine point — 96 191 69 189 143 85 208 11 100

S. Having the same parents, even if you don't live in Berlin — 186 29 150 15 136 86

T. A genus of red algae having terete or flattened thalli often with abundant spiny branchlets — 192 125 198 205 183 157 16 144

U. Sometimes these are flowing — 156 73 148 91 126

V. Levies made on members of an organization for a special purpose not covered by dues — 172 23 52 59 71 93 98 165 185 216 / 219

W. This royal family did not come from Italy — 62 119 221 92 30 149 65 105

X. A Boisterous party (not necessarily Democratic boys!) — 89 147 141 169 197 26 41 110 133 160

Y. A sick Shakespeare — 107 177 193 32 17 77 120

Z. Part of the Soviet Empire — 117 122 22 167 50 138 152

a. Stone labor (I can't *define it any other* way without giving it away!) — 12 37 39 56 60 64 124 151

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 288 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 A	2 C		3 I	4 A	5 D	6 H	7 O	8 K	9 N		10 Q	11 R	12 a	13 O		14 I	15 S
16 T	17 Y	18 H	19 P	20 F	21 Q	22 Z	23 V		24 J	25 F	26 X		27 O	28 C	29 S	30 W		31 I	
32 Y	33 D	34 G	35 K		36 C	37 a		38 O	39 a	40 N	41 X	42 K	43 I		44 B		45 A	46 L	47 O
48 M	49 J	50 Z	51 G		52 V	53 I	54 A	55 N	56 a		57 J	58 O	59 V		60 a	61 E	62 W	63 O	
64 a	65 W		66 K	67 B	68 P	69 R	70 I	71 V	72 O		73 U	74 H	75 I	76 N		77 Y	78 G	79 K	80 F
81 Q	82 C	83 L	84 I	85 R	86 S		87 O	88 F	89 X		90 C	91 U	92 W	93 V	94 J		95 N	96 R	97 E
	98 V	99 F	100R	101N		102J	103E		104C	105W		106P	107Y	108N	109K		110X	111D	112L
	113D	114E	115M	116G	117Z		118Q	119W	120Y	121F	122Z	123J		124a	125T	126U	127G	128H	129E
130C		131A	132N	133X		134C	135L	136S	137F	138Z	139B	140A		141X	142N		143R	144T	145A
	146F	147X		148U	149W	150S	151a		152Z	153M		154A	155J		156U	157T	158M		159D
160X		161B	162J	163E		164G	165V	166C	167Z	168A	169X		170H	171D	172V	173G		174H	175L
	176G	177Y	178B		179N	180E	181Q	182H	183T		184P	185V	186S	187E	188B	189R	190C		191R
192T	193Y	194E		195D	196C	197X		198T	199H	200T	201J		202Q	203K	204C		205T	206E	207P
208R	209B	210J	211F	212L	213C		214N	215A		216V	217E	218L		219V	220N	221W	222P		

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"What a day! Plenty of new powder, gorgeous Vail weather, and the whole Washington ski crowd showed up... What more could you ask for?"

"Old Grand-Dad!"

Head of the Bourbon Family.

Old Grand-Dad

When you ask a lot more from life.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

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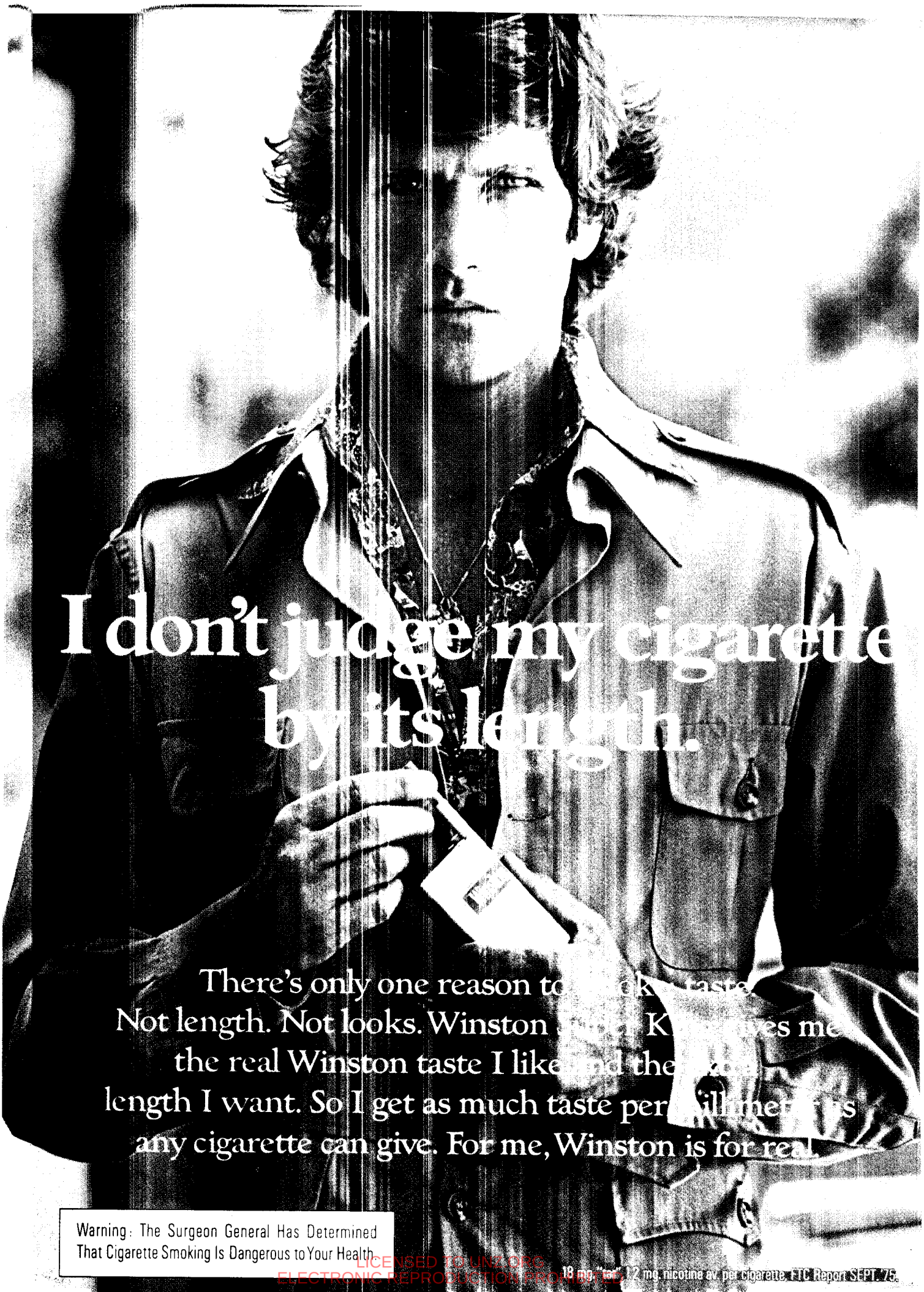
I don't judge my cigarette
by its length.
There's only one reason to
Not length. Not looks. Winston
the real Winston taste I like
length I want. So I get as much taste per
any cigarette can give. For me, Winston is for

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.